The Nation.

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The Week.

Mr. Taft's references to the tariff in his speech at Trenton, on Monday, were much more satisfying than what he had to say in Dakota. They were also much more to the point. He is doubtless aware that in New Jersey the Cleveland Democrats are a powerful element. Their votes certainly cannot be won by foolish talk about the Wilson bill of 1894 causing the panic of 1893. It was well, therefore, that Mr. Taft should be more explicit than he has before been about his intention to secure a thorough and honest revision of the tariff. To this he deliberately pledged himself and his party. He boldly took up the charge that the protected interests control the party and will not permit any reductions in the tariff. If they have such power, he asked, why did they not prevent the Chicago Convention from declaring for revision? The Republican candidate added that the party is simply "obliged" to put through a genuine and complete revision of the tariff, and that it had shown itself able "to pass any law in the face of any corporate opposition, when the law addresses itself to the justice and to the honor of the Republican party." Such frank and explicit declarations ought to be worth many votes.

His Chattanooga audience must have been greatly pleased, last Friday, with Mr. Taft's hearty and frank attitude. He made it plain that he scarcely dreams of getting a single electoral vote from the South, but he had promised to make speeches in Southern States, and there he was, to make his word good, and to express friendly feeling. Southerners know how to respond to such advances, and it is not surprising that the candidate expressed a fear of the danger of—not over-confidence—but of "over-hospitality." Mr. Taft's classification of Southern voters into those who would vote for him, those who would not vote at all, and those who would vote for Bryan while hoping that Taft would be elected, was very close upon the facts. It was a good way of bringing out the anomalous political conditions which prevail in the South. And all sensible men must agree with Mr. Taft in deploring the "tradition" which keeps the South solid. But the motives to which he appealed, in pleading that Southerners support the Republican party, were not very exalted. He did not urge them to get rid of their prejudices and their fears on the race question but exhorted them to join the party which is "in favor of distributing the favors of protection all over the country." This, we must be as frank as Mr. Taft in saying, is but an attempt to solve a question of political justice and human rights by shifting it to a mercenary basis.

Just as Chairman Hitchcock announces that money is "coming in more freely" to the Republican Committee, Mr. Bryan raises his voice to charge that the Republicans are collecting $1,000,000 with which to buy the election. This accusation he will surely repeat, with variations, as he comes East. Harping upon Republican concealment of the campaign fund, as contrasted with Democratic frankness, he will allege that contributions are being secretly obtained from corporations and rich men interested in legislation. This is probably a slander. Yet there is only one way effectively to meet it. That is to make public the list of contributors. It is hardly to be supposed that the treasurer has accepted improper or suspicious gifts. He is to publish them after the election in any case, and there is no real reason why he should not do it before. Every Republican member of the House of Representatives voted last spring for the McCall bill, which provided that all contributions be made public ten days before the election. That ought to be sufficient precedent and warrant for the committee. The President, it is true, has decided offhand that there must be no pre-election publication; but it may be better to disregard him than to give Bryan a taking cry. Mr. Sheldon should promptly open his books.

Both parties are, of course, getting down on their marrow-bones before the labor vote, but need they be so petty about it? Here is the Attorney-General of the United States descending to tactics of which a ward boss ought to be ashamed. In his statement showing how active and victorious the Roosevelt Administration has been in prosecuting offenders under the Sherman law, he inserts a repetition of his former fling at President Cleveland for having brought injunction and other proceedings against labor unions:

> I have included among the prosecutions of the Democratic Administration resistance to the petition of Eugene V. Debs for a writ of habeas corpus; it is to be noted that five out of nine proceedings under Democratic rule were directed against labor organizations and their leaders; under Republican rule there have been in all three such proceedings out of fifty-six.

Mr. Bonaparte is well aware, as are all Republicans old enough to remember 1894, that nothing in Mr. Cleveland's course as President deserved better of the country, or, in fact, received more general applause from good citizens, irrespective of party, than his resolute grappling with the gigantic conspiracy headed by Debs, and intended to throttle the commerce of the nation. It was a strong assertion of the power of the general government to protect its property and its agents against the raging of a labor mob—an assertion which will be one of the landmarks in American constitutional history. No less a person that Theodore Roosevelt wrote in the *Forum* of February, 1895:

> It was a most fortunate thing that the action at Washington was so quick and so emphatic. Senator Davis of Minnesota set the key of patriotism at the time when men were still puzzled and hesitated. The President [Cleveland] and Attorney-General Olney acted with equal wisdom and courage; and the danger was averted.

Such, too, must have been the attitude of Mr. Bonaparte. Yet now, for campaign purposes, the Attorney-General intimates that the firm and patriotic stand of a Democratic Administration proves that the Republicans are the true champions of "labor"—Codlin's the friend not Short. A political argument could scarcely be more hypocritical.

As if to intensify, by contrast, the mean spirit of this insinuation by the President's legal adviser, Judge Taft himself took up the subject of court proceedings against organized labor in his speeches to Ohio workingmen last

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week. It is, indeed, the very sarcasm of fate that it was Mr. Taft who, when on the Federal bench, made decisions upholding the course of the Democratic Administration in suing out injunctions against Debs and other labor leaders. Mr. Bonaparte mentions the Debs case. Well, it was a lieutenant of Debs, one Phelan, whom Judge Taft sent to jail for contempt of court, in disobeying an injunction. And far from crawling on his stomach before union labor in Ohio with an abject apology for what he had done, Mr. Taft stood by his record like a man:

> If in issuing an injunction and in punishing a man like that a judge following his oath is to be voted against and kept out of the Presidency, that is the privilege of the voters of the United States, if they take that view of it. But I mistake my men, I mistake the intelligence of the American voters, if they are not going to stand by judges who do their duty and carry out the law as it is interpreted to them.

That furnishes a very useful measure of Attorney-General Bonaparte's stature.

Campaigns which confidently determine in advance the chief topics to come before Congress and the country after the election, are often wofully wide of the mark. In 1896, who dreamed that the most critical work to be laid upon the new President would be the war with Spain, and the complications growing out of it? Similarly, this year, it is entirely possible that the issues which we are all talking about now will be pushed aside, when the new Congress meets, by something to which nobody is giving attention to-day. Take, for example, the condition of the Treasury. The deficit keeps piling up ominously. With somewhat less than one-third of the fiscal year elapsed, it is already $38,828,000. At that rate, Chairman Tawney's prediction of a deficit of $150,000,000 for the year may not be far out of the way. Yet no politician is saying anything about this danger-signal. The question of possible retrenchment, or the certainty of added taxation if things go on as at present, does not enter into this campaign at all. Yet it may easily be the most imperative duty of the next Administration to attack exactly that problem of finding the money to meet the expenses of the government.

Mr. Chanler has at last attempted to reply to the questions of Gov. Hughes. These questions are entirely pertinent, for they relate strictly to the issues of the campaign in this State. Mr. Chanler, however, is evasive. The subject of gambling, he says, is not mentioned in either platform. But, in or out of the platform, that topic is distinctly before the people, and the fact that Hughes opposed race-track gambling is one of the chief arguments which the Democrats are urging against him. He is therefore well within his rights in saying to his opponent: "Do you favor race-track gambling?" Mr. Chanler professes a desire to enforce "all the laws, including the laws against gambling." But this statement does not cover the whole ground, for there is a movement to repeal the laws passed at the extra session of the Legislature, and people are entitled to know whether Mr. Chanler will lend his aid to that movement. On Gov. Hughes's other points—whether, for example, Mr. Chanler will want to abolish the Public Service Commission—his rival remains silent. He has retorted, however, by asking Mr. Hughes ten questions; some of them merely personal and nagging, and some that may be regarded as relevant. To all of them, however, Gov. Hughes has made a convincing rejoinder. As a sample of the Governor's method we may quote a single passage:

> He [Mr. Chanler] says: "(3:) Why did you refuse to appoint a railroad man upon the Public Service Commission? Was it because there was no practical railroad man in the State having the ability, in your opinion, to fill such a position?" Answer: "I did appoint a practical railroad man upon the Public Service Commission of the Second District, which has general supervision of the railroads outside the counties composing Greater New York. He was a man of large and varied experience in the different branches of practical railroading. I refer to James E. Sague. One of those who recommended him to me was Lieut.-Gov. Chanler."

If Mr. Chanler cannot now step forward and dispose of the questions put to him, his candidacy should be extinguished in laughter.

And there are other matters in regard to which we are entitled to an explanation from Mr. Chanler. Doubtless the keenest enmity which Gov. Hughes has aroused rankles in the hearts of the political bosses, big and little, whom he has sent about their business, while he has gone about his. Now, Mr. Chanler is making a great point of his personal independence. No man can dictate to a Chanler of Duchess County. Yes; but there has been a time when one man could dictate to this particular Chanler, and when he declared that his chief aim in office would be to do what this man wanted. We refer, of course, to Hearst. Mr. Chanler's alliance with him, and readiness to take orders from him, are a part of his past which needs explaining. In a speech which Mr. Chanler made on November 11, 1906, after the defeat of Hearst in the State election, he said:

> Knowing Mr. Hearst, believing in Mr. Hearst, I felt my own election of infinitely small importance. . . . We are men, most of us, with comparatively little experience in State affairs. . . . There is only one thing we can do. . . . When we do not know where to go for guidance; turn back to the principles as enunciated by him [Hearst], and . . . say to one another, "What would *he* have had us do were he here?"

Well, Mr. Hearst is now "here," and making it clear that what he would have us do is to vote against Chanler. But letting that pass, is Mr. Chanler ready to repeat or to repudiate what he said with the utmost deliberation less than two years ago? This is the conclusion of his Hearst threnody:

> I believe myself that, to a great extent, the future of Democracy in this State of New York, for the next few years, depends upon how far we can make good to the people of the State the promises made to them by Mr. Hearst, the pledges given to them by Mr. Hearst, the promises and pledges which would have been kept if we to-night could greet him as we should like.

Nothing could better prove the friendliness of the Japanese toward America than the warmth of the welcome to our battleship fleet. For this cordiality every man of affairs not obsessed after the manner of Lodge or Hobson must have been largely prepared. The jingoes will, of course, say that this is the tribute of a weaker nation to the might of our guns, and that the Japanese are merely hiding their enmity and chagrin under an Oriental mask of assumed friendliness. Persons who wish to hold such a belief will do so, in spite of all possible evidence of Japanese friendliness. They will still see in the right-hand of fellowship extended to us merely a mailed fist; precisely as after the fall of Manila they were certain that every effort of the German Emperor to win our good will was but an attempt to lure us to destruction.

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With considerable merriment, the members of what the court described as an "association of adventurers," who combined in 1905 to speculate with Charles W. Morse in his Ice Trust stock, have been describing their achievements on the witness stand in this city. The exploits of Mr. Morse, it will be remembered, had not a little to do with the bringing on of the panic last autumn. He may be credited with aristocratic tastes, financially speaking, in his selection of associates; they comprised the ex-president of the United States Steel Corporation and present head of the Bethlehem Steel Company, the treasurer of the American Smelting and Refining Company, the president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, the president of an up-State trust company with an old-time record as a Tammany Hall insider, and, along with them, the most notorious "plunger" in the stock market of the day. The "Ice Trust speculation," as Stock Exchange people will recall, had acquired a very disreputable name in Wall Street at that time, and Morse was commonly regarded as a dangerous figure in finance. Mr. Morse had an argument, however, which quite superseded such considerations. When questioned on the witness stand, John W. Gates declared that he bought Ice stock because Morse told him it was "selling at less than its value." Charles M. Schwab's recollection was that he bought it because "Morse told him Ice securities were a good thing to hold." Isaac Guggenheim bought 10,000 shares in the "pool," no doubt on similar convincing grounds, and "later raised it to 20,000 at Morse's request." John F. Carroll's motive for joining the group, aside from habit—he had "been in Ice with Morse for ten years"—was suggested by a loan of $114,000 to him from one of Morse's banks and a letter from the bank's cashier, stating that the loan "would be taken care of as per what Mr. Morse had said."

To our mind, the really interesting part of this testimony is the light it throws on the methods of the distinguished financiers concerned. They were induced to "put their money into Ice" through precisely the same arguments as are used with the simple "outside public" by the Thomas W. Lawsons, the Franklin syndicates, and other worthies of that type, and the result, according to the testimony, was strikingly similar. They "went in twice." The first time, the enterprise was a great success; its members, in Mr. Guggenheim's language, "received a handsome dividend." This preliminary result will be recognized, by all such outsiders as may in the past have "gone into" copper mines and "zinc prospects" and "National stocks," as the regular order of the day. The second experiment fared badly; there were dark rumors, even in Wall Street, that somebody had "sold out on the other members of the pool"; at all events, it was dissolved at a loss, Mr. Morse went to Europe, and the participants, as one of them recalled, "had to take up their stock." Thus the end as well as the beginning of the enterprise duplicated the experience of obscure outsiders with an itch for speculating in things of which they know nothing. It used to be a favorite argument, in allaying discontent among the poor, to describe to them the physical torments, worry, and indigestion, which the unhappy millionaire encounters. We suggest that emphasis be laid hereafter on the magnitude of the losses which credulous millionaires incur in their investments in gold bricks, as calling for the sympathy rather than the envy of the proletariat.

Rumors of war over the Balkan question continue, of course, but are rather gratuitous in view of the fact that the main point is as good as settled—that is, the calling of a new European Congress. On this, all the great Powers are now practically agreed. Each one of them knows that if it were to make a mad rush into war, the results of the contest would, in the end, be passed upon by a Congress. The lesson which Russia learned when she saw her treaty of San Stefano torn up at Berlin, cannot so soon be forgotten. Doubtless there is danger of a clash on the Servian frontier, or between Bulgarian and Turkish troops, but even if that were to occur, it would not mean that "general war in Europe," of which newspaper writers from Warrington down have been so fond of discoursing when other themes failed. The chief difficulty remaining is to fix the programme which the coming Congress will discuss, and to determine with what demands and stipulations Austria and Germany will consent to attend it. But diplomacy is busily at work, and should be able speedily to dispel the slight war-clouds remaining.

A cynical Englishman who was once asked to define American "graft," replied that it was the same thing as British "incorruptible honesty." The element of truth in this is certainly suggested by the inquiry, now going on, into the fraud and stealing practised in connection with an asylum in Poplar. A sordid and sickening story of official dishonesty and looting of the public funds has been brought out. Some of the details imply that neither Tammany nor the Republican machine in Philadelphia could teach evil-minded politicians in England anything about nest-feathering. The board of managers of the asylum took money and other gifts for the wasteful contracts which they awarded, in the finest style of our best-known thieves. One witness, for example, swore to the way in which work was made for him. A manager said to him:

> "We must find some work somehow for you. What about this chimney-shaft? We shall have to take that down and rebuild it." The witness said: "Good God, Jack! That won't do; they won't stand that"; and he said, "That will be all right. They will stand anything. You do what I tell you." The witness said, "What shall I do?" Peacock replied, "You go inside and tell the matron the chimney-shaft is out of the upright and is falling down, and if it is not soon taken down it will fall through the kitchen roof and injure some of the patients." The witness went inside and told the matron the chimney-shaft was dangerous. Shortly after that he got an order to attend to the chimney-shaft, and in consequence he sent in an estimate of £45 10s. There was nothing the matter with the chimney at all, although if one looked at it sideways it would appear out of the upright

Equally illuminating was the explanation by the same witness of the method by which he got a timber contract for the asylum, though he knew nothing whatever about the business. There was the inevitable secret meeting with the managers in a public house, the familiar arrangement to "freeze out" the lowest bidders, the calling off of inspectors, who found fault with the material delivered, and so on. It all reads like a chapter—or page—of Tammany. The revelation does not, of course, prove English politics to be rotten, but neither are the American people as a whole to be judged by samples of similar villany.

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DETAILS LATER.

Mr. Bryan evidently feels the destructive power of Gov. Hughes's analysis of his plan of corporation control, for he has devoted several speeches to reply. What the Governor did was to ask respecting the Bryan scheme for forbidding any corporation to supply more than 50 per cent. of the demand for the kind of wares it produced, how it could be made to work. He specified enormous if not insurmountable difficulties, first in obtaining the facts, and then in applying the Bryan principle to them, and called upon Mr. Bryan for further information and explanation. But the Democratic candidate, in his rejoinder, while firmly standing by his original theory, contented himself with saying on the point at issue that "the details could easily be adjusted later." The phrase illustrates one of the capital defects of Mr. Bryan's mind, in dealing with political questions. He does not see that, as an old English statesman put it, "in legislative proposals, the details are everything." Any man of warm and benevolent instincts, such as Mr. Bryan undoubtedly has, can suggest grandiose plans for making the world better, but the putting them into practical effect is a painful drudgery from which his type of intellect shrinks. It is so much easier to dismiss every difficulty as "a mere matter of detail"! But every man who has had to do with the drafting of laws, or even the organization of a club, knows that the "mere details" are the really back-breaking things, often decisive of the fate of a bill or the life of a society. It is one thing jauntily to propose a scheme for bringing in the millennium; it is another to proceed to the preliminary work of binding Satan.

In this quality of Mr. Bryan, which leads him to think he can ride cross-country without jumping fences, there is something to remind one of the way in which the French National Assembly set about reforming the world by a series of votes, leaving the details to be adjusted later. That hard-headed and clear-sighted Englishman, Sir Samuel Romilly, who was in Paris in 1789, observing the "violence" and the "rash measures" of the Assembly, made the shrewd remark:

> If one single rule had been adopted, namely, that every motion should be reduced to writing in the form of a proposition, before it was put from the chair, instead of proceeding, as was their constant course, by first resolving the principle, as they called it (*décréter le principe*), and leaving the drawing what they had so resolved (or, as they called it, *la rédaction*) for a subsequent operation, it is astonishing how great an influence it would have had on their debates and their measures.

There could hardly be a more exact description of Mr. Bryan's favorite method. Grant him his "principle," and he cares nothing about the ways and forms of embodying it. Yet they are of the very essence of the debate. Nine-tenths of all controversies about projects of legislation turn upon what Mr. Bryan or Mr. Roosevelt would call unimportant technicalities. But without the small details, there can be no large measure. And the real statesman thinks things through to their minutiæ before announcing that he has any solution whatever. Gov. Hughes not merely advocated a Public Service Commission, he saw to it that a bill was drawn specifying all its powers and duties. Mr. Bryan prefers to dream amiable things about his pet utopias. Actually to locate them on a real earth, is a task which he lightly says he will attend to "later."

Mr. Bryan's fondness for percentages is a sign of the speculative tendency of his mind. His old silver ratio, once so sacred and eternal, was not his own invention, but he has since run to others. His classification of corporations into those which, at 49 per cent., are blameless, and those which, at 50, are to be outlawed, is purely fanciful. It is not drenched in fact. That Mr. Bryan ever sat down and gave himself a headache by trying to see clearly just how his percentage theory would come out in practice, no one believes. He has neither time nor inclination for dry details. His forte is happy thoughts—like government ownership of railways; and if the hard grasp of reality shows them to be most unhappy thoughts, then he drops them as readily as he propounded them. So it would be, no doubt, that grotesque idea of his which Robert Underwood Johnson reported in the New York *Times* of last Friday, to divide all the Federal offices among the different parties in proportion to the vote they cast. Here, again, is the obsession of a percentage, which Mr. Bryan seems wholly unable to resist or cast off.

In such considerations may be found the true force of the objection made against Mr. Bryan that he is without experience. The candidate complains of this. He points to many men who have made good executives, though previously untried. Yes, but such men had displayed painstaking and constructive minds, with a firm grip on facts. The trouble with Mr. Bryan is that he is a cloudy theorizer. People have confidence in the goodness of his heart, but they distrust the workings of his intellect. They shrink from the experiment of putting into a great office a man who is capable of bringing out every morning his dream of the night before, and of delegating to others the duty of making it real.

PUBLISHING LOVE LETTERS.

It is curious that the publication of a great man's love letters is sure to set the world a-wrangling over the propriety of such an act, and that the gentlest of emotions is so easily made the cause of animosity. It is thirty years since the letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne were printed by H. B. Forman, thereby arousing the indignation of Sidney Colvin and Matthew Arnold and other admirers of the poet. To-day comes Prof. A. E. Hancock with a new "literary biography" of Keats, and a fresh turning of the old question:

> We believe the publication of these letters was justifiable. The gain for Keats is greater than the loss. Our sympathies are deepened and our understanding is quickened. Keats, the lover, is still the poet. He loved a woman as he loved his art. The defects of the lover are the virtues of his poetry.

Professor Hancock exclaims shrilly against the word "Cockney" which had been so persistently associated with the poet's name, and which was revived by the publication of these letters. He will see in them no vulgar lack of restraint, and no sign of enervation. He quotes with approval that ninth letter: "I have a sensation at the present moment as though I was dissolving," etc., which Matthew Arnold had pointed out as particularly discreditable to the writer's character.

In a matter of personal taste it would be enough, no doubt, to agree with Matthew Arnold, and no more words. But the question involved is a pretty one and constantly recurrent. It would not occur so often if editors recognized the simple fact that most human beings (as most dumb beasts, for that matter) are

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a trifle ridiculous when they make love Adam Smith, with his clear, imperturbable judgment, set the matter right once for all in his essay on "Moral Sentiments":

> The passion appears to everybody, but the man who feels it, entirely disproportioned to the value of the object; and love, though it is pardoned in a certain age, because we know it is natural, is always laughed at, because we cannot enter into it.

When we pass from the observation of love in actual life to its expression in letters, we are perhaps oftener impressed by its unreality than its absurdity; but in either case the effect is due to the purely personal character of the emotion and to our inability "to enter into it." Read the "Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft," Shelley's mother-in-law, which have just been reprinted with an excellent introduction by Roger Ingpen, or the greater letters of Julie de Lespinasse, which Mrs. Humphry Ward has brought to the attention of English readers, or the "Letters from a Portuguese Nun," or almost any other of the famous collections, and the first thing you will remark is their coldness, their inability to convey any of that warmth which must have been in the heart of the writer. A poet is a poet just because he takes these personal emotions and renders them universal by interpreting them deliberately through the mind and imagination. Thus, our sympathies are aroused by artifice, when nature leaves us cold. Take "The Last Sonnet" of Keats himself:

> Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art!

in which he sums up for the world the same passion he had been pouring out privately in his letters to Miss Brawne. It is not merely the difference in beauty that impresses one, but the difference in realism. The sonnet seems the substance of which the letters are the impalpable shadow.

Now and then a man of genius has been able to carry this transmuting power into the private actions of the heart. Swift did it in the little language of his Journal to Stella; Bulwer Lytton tried to imitate Swift in the letters to his "poodle," and merely wrote himself down an ass. Nor is it difficult to see why we cherish the letters of one and despise the others. Through all the childlike expansion of Swift's familiar talk there run hints of great things doing in the world, glimpses into the secret wells of human nature, and echoes of a tragedy that is not of the writer alone, but of mankind; the very consciousness in the writer of these general interests and of himself as merely an actor in the drama in which all men have their parts, shows there was always present in Swift something besides "complete submission of the mind to love." Whereas in Bulwer's letters we read only the outpourings of a private emotion and of an unrestrained self-abasement. Restraint is the exact point of difference.

Now, Professor Hancock can find nothing to choose between the relaxation of Keats's love letters and of Dante's "Vita Nuova" except "a difference of style. . . . The experience, however, is precisely the same, the complete submission of the mind to love." *Difference of style!* quotha. It is enough if by style Professor Hancock means in the one case that addition of ideas and imagery which makes of the "Vita Nuova" something utterly different from a private complaint, and in the other case that commonplace exasperation of the nerves which makes these letters of Keats, say what you will, sound like the writing of any surgeon's apprentice read in a police court. We expect, and have the right to expect, of the poet that he should carry some sense of his high calling into his personal affairs. If his letters show neither the force of genius nor the restraint of breeding, it is treachery to his memory to publish them.

The serious aspect of the matter is that such letters throw into more prominence a corresponding trait in the writer's formal works. The relation, for instance, between Bulwer's foolish letters and certain weaknesses in his fiction would occur to any one. And so with Keats: these letters, if we allow ourselves to consider them, tend to force our attention upon certain Cockney traits, which, *pace* Professor Hancock, do show themselves too frequently in the earlier poems. It was the misfortune of Keats that as a boy he fell under the influence of men like Leigh Hunt and Benjamin Haydon, cheap radicals and egotistic dreamers, who encouraged him in the romantic revolt against taste and common-sense. The interest of his life is the story of a man of strong will and sensitive genius seeking to create for himself the discipline he utterly failed to receive from his home and friends. What he sought and what he found may be seen by comparing "Endymion" with "Hyperion"—found, but never fully enjoyed, for then came the abhorred shears. And even in his later work the hand slips back at times into the old faults. Now, the love letters, though written at the end, show the untrained man still lurking beneath the polish, and, in so far as they have any effect at all, nullify the years of thought and labor, presenting to us in place of the singer of the world's beauty that "good Johnny Keats" he deliberately tried to outlive and to conceal.

THE NEW CHRISTIAN APOLOGETIC.

"How May Christianity Be Defended To-day?" is the title of a significant paper by Prof. A. C. McGiffert of the Union Theological Seminary, in the October number of the *Hibbert Journal*. This new method of maintaining the faith once delivered would have made the Christian apologist of a generation ago—perhaps even a decade ago—gasp and stare. It is not that any one thing which Professor McGiffert says is novel; each of his utterances could be matched in the writings of some theologian who is professedly orthodox. The editors of the *Biblical World*, for example, tell us in their latest issue that miracles, at least in the old acceptation of the term, are probably not a vital part of religious faith. Professor McGiffert's article is notable as gathering up into a few pages these scattered views and presenting them in a *Summa* of religious radicalism. His thesis, in brief, is this:

> An apologetic which should succeed in showing these four things: first, that the ideal of human sympathy and service is the highest of all ideals; secondly, that this is the Christian ideal in such a sense that the man who shares it may properly call himself a Christian, and that the man who would be truly a Christian must make it his own; thirdly, that this Christian ideal is a divine ideal, supported and promoted by God; and, fourthly, that the Christian church is an institution in the long run indispensable for the promotion and realization of this ideal—an apologetic which should succeed in showing all this would seem a sufficient and indeed complete Christian apologetic, leaving out nothing essential and including nothing unimportant.

This bare outline of conclusions is less striking than some of the details

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of Professor McGiffert's argument. He does not attack the traditional doctrines; he holds that they are largely irrelevant, not worth either attacking or defending. Thus by a single sweep of the hand he would demolish the whole vast structure of apologetic so laboriously erected through the centuries:

> A new age has dawned in the history of Christianity and the old apologetic is out-of-date, not because it attempts to prove so many unbelievable things, but because it attempts to prove so many things in which men have no interest.

Hence Professor McGiffert urges that the emphasis must be laid not on man's duty to God or to himself, but on his duty to his neighbor. He adds:

> If all good men can be enlisted in the promotion of this end it matters little by what name they call themselves, Christians, Jews, Ethical Culturists, Humanitarians, Free-thinkers, Agnostics, or Atheists.

Whatever their formal designation, and even though they may "reject all else that commonly goes by the name of Christian," they are working for "the controlling purpose of Christ himself." Furthermore, the belief in the divinity of Christ "represents a sound instinct. It voices the conviction that the Christian ideal . . . must come from God and have His support." But, of course, "Christians to-day may recognize that the traditional doctrine is defective, and may see that there are other and perhaps better ways of conserving the interest which it has conserved." Modern disbelief in God, Professor McGiffert continues, "is due in large measure to the persuasion of the self-sufficiency of the phenomenal universe, to the feeling that God is needed to account neither for its origin nor for its continuance." And yet:

> With this disbelief Christian apologetic has nothing to do, and its wide prevalence is no ground for alarm. If Christian faith were dependent upon the overcoming of this unbelief, we might well be discouraged. But Christian faith moves wholly in another realm, the realm of ethical values.

As to the Church, Professor McGiffert is equally tolerant. His point is that, in spite of the "failures and mistakes of the church, in spite of its frequent distortion of values, and its all too common emphasis upon the wrong things," a church is necessary in order that there may be "conscious community of purpose and conscious combination of effort." In short:

> Not sacraments, or doctrines, or historic descent, or ministerial succession, makes the Christian church in which the modern apologist is interested, but an organized body of men, enlisted for the promotion of the one great end, wide enough to embrace them all, and of such a character as to call out their best effort and enthusiasm.

In a few sentences torn from the modifying context we cannot pretend to do justice to the argument. But this bald statement of conclusions makes it clear that Professor McGiffert's church is substantially Matthew Arnold's conception, that of a society for the promotion of goodness; his God is certainly no more definite than Arnold's power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness. In these views Professor McGiffert may be said to represent fairly both the rising generation of Protestantism and the Modernists of the Catholic Church. Each year the question presses more insistently: What is to be done with these radicals? The Papacy has answered by drawing back sharply into the ancient way. The Episcopal Church unfrocked Dr. Crapsey, but hundreds, perhaps thousands, of its clergy, who in essentials agree with him, remain unmolested. To-day Protestantism as a whole seems to be trying to steer an impossible middle course—to believe in God and yet not believe in Him, to declare the church divine and yet assert that the terms *divine* and *human* are virtually synonymous, to profess credence in miracles, with the stipulation that there is nothing supernatural about them, to say one thing and really mean another. But the Protestants cannot long continue to have it both ways; for that is not the method of truth and honesty. The attempt thus to play fast and loose is an abdication of moral leadership. Sooner or later the Church must stop dealing in ambiguities, and unreservedly cast in its lot with the reactionaries, or else, with Dr. McGiffert and his school, frankly abandon traditional creeds and interpretations

It is natural that the church, made up as it is of human units, should shiver on the brink of such a tremendous decision, and should prefer to drift along. If it goes with the reactionaries, it repels a large number of the better educated and the more progressive, and may thus lose the intellectuals, those who insist that its formularies, in substance and expression, shall be adjusted to the findings of science. In order to hold those men at whom Dr. McGiffert's argument is aimed—some outright rationalists, others "light half-believers of our casual creeds"—the church must abandon the whole baggage of anthropomorphism and miracle. But how, then, shall the church answer the needs of the plain and often unlettered millions for whom abstractions and broad generalities mean little or nothing? Is it possible for our vague creeds and still vaguer gods to move the hopes and fears and passions as they were once moved by the enraptured vision of a pitying Father, and his only Son, a bleeding Christ who consciously and deliberately died for our sins? The truth is the truth, and we must have it at any cost. We do not go with those who would perpetuate a superstition for the sake of controlling or edifying the masses. But since the truth is the truth, we must face it and ask whither under our new creed those men will turn who, with Augustine, cry to God: "Fecisti nos ad te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te."

MODERNISM IN FICTION.

Twenty years ago this fall President Eliot in an after-dinner speech referred to the most important book of the season, which all his hearers had, of course, been reading; and when he went on to show that his reference was to Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," there was a little gasp of half-ashamed surprise, for that large company of serious, middle-aged men had taken for granted that he meant "Robert Elsmere." Certainly, since 1888 no novel has been the book of the season in the sense in which that phrase may be applied to Mrs. Humphry Ward's first important work. Old and young, orthodox and radical, literary and "practical"—all read and discussed "Robert Elsmere." That this success was not due to its literary merits, solid as those are, is sufficiently proved by its subsequent submergence. The most faithful admirers of its vivid portraiture and clear, high-bred English would never claim rank for it as a classic. Moreover, were it to appear now for the first time, it could not take the place it held twenty years ago. In short, it was the book of the day because it expressed in concrete, dramatic form the typical thought of the day, and it is well worth returning to, if only as a landmark by which to judge how far and in what direction the tide of intellectual battle has rolled.

One of the most decided impressions made by a re-reading of "Robert Elsmere" in the light of contemporary problems is that of a certain narrowness and hard-and-fastness. Elsmere's own nature is warm and rich, open to all

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æsthetic and humanitarian emotion, but his crucial experience is a purely intellectual one, attained in the study by means of a single line of thought so direct and sharply defined that his rapid progress along it scarcely needs to be followed, the goal is so clearly foreseen. One is almost tempted to compare it with that delicious episode of Gibbon's youth, when, according to Birrell, he, "without the aid of a priest or the seductions of ritual, read himself into the Church of Rome and was one fine June morning in 1753 baptized by a Jesuit father. By Christmas, 1754, he had read himself out again. Gibbon's conversion was perfectly genuine, . . . but it was entirely a matter of books and reading." Having thus read himself out, moreover, Elsmere has not a moment's hesitation as to his duty. On one side is all that makes his own happiness and—far dearer to him—his wife's; on the other is honesty. For him, or for Mrs. Humphry Ward, thus envisaging the case, there can, of course, be but one solution, and there is something refreshing and bracing in the prompt decision with which the hard choice is made. Undoubtedly, too, there is room for selfishness and cowardice, for quibbling and self-deceit, under the ample mantle of the new ecclesiastical liberalism, which holds such choice unnecessary. Nevertheless, in its inclusiveness, its emphasis on the mystical, the moral, the institutional, and the practical, rather than on the intellectual side of religion, the present liberal movement within the churches shows a far surer instinct for human nature and bids fair to lay a more lasting, because a broader, foundation for the religion of the future than rationalism can ever achieve. At all events, consistently or not, honestly or not, the more educated Protestant churches have by this time assimilated the results of that historical method which was the fatal solvent of Elsmere's orthodoxy, and in spite of an occasional *cause célèbre* it is clear that they are not—to change the figure—going to be wrecked on the rock of miracles. The question of the present and the future, indeed, is not so much, Can these churches square themselves with modern knowledge? as, Can they so square themselves with modern life—with its tremendous moral and social problems—as to be of any real use and leadership? By their power to produce prophets, not critics, will they stand or fall.

Meanwhile, the intellectual ferment has passed on to the Roman Catholic Church and has again reached the point of expressing itself through the medium of serious fiction. By this expression it has awakened widespread interest throughout the non-Catholic world. Fogazzaro's "Il Santo," in Italian, French, and German, "has been the storm-centre of religious and literary debate," and the momentum thus gathered, the interest attaching to its condemnation for heresy, and its enthusiastic introduction by William Roscoe Thayer, have all helped to win for it a wide public in this country, in spite of the extreme foreignness of its ascetic ideals and emotional temper. An aspect of the Modernist movement really far more comprehensible by the reader of English race is presented in "Out of Due Time," a very distinguished piece of work which has strangely failed thus far to make any mark in America. Written by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward—herself a Hope-Scott of Abbotsford, and a descendant on the mother's side of the great Catholic house of Norfolk—whose husband, a son of the well-known "Ideal" Ward of the Oxford Movement, is the editor of a leading Catholic review, this novel expresses from the inside, very eloquently and persuasively, the views of representative French and English liberal Catholics.

Taken together, these two novels give an illuminating picture of what Modernism really is. To read them immediately after "Robert Elsmere" is to be freshly and sharply struck by the contrast between the Protestant and the Catholic temper. If the principle of authority is enthroned in any Protestant church, it is surely in the Church of England, yet Elsmere's decision lies wholly between himself and his conscience. That he might hold his opinions in abeyance, distrust them just because they are his own, even that he might refrain from expressing them, at the behest of any human authority whatever, never so much as enters his mind. For the Catholic, on the other hand, obedience is a primary virtue; "an absolutely rebellious Catholic is a contradiction." The first definite effort of the Catholic Modernist, therefore, must be to convert his superiors, to get the principle of authority invoked on *his* side. A fair comparison is with that of the difference between Luther and Savonarola. Even in excommunication, even in open revolt against the actual, individual Pope, the great Dominican is never a rebel to the Church, never a heretic or schismatic. And it is along Savonarola's lines that Fogazzaro's Saint would work. The reform he urges is moral and spiritual, it uses the language of the great mystics of all ages, and, like Savonarola's, it includes a certain puritanism, a simple and severe ideal of life. But, with all his fearlessness and his sense of immediate inspiration, the Saint is unfailingly true to the essential ideals of historic Catholicism, even to the almost repulsively mediæval one of asceticism. As for schism, he exclaims:

> What manner of faith is yours, if you talk of deserting the Church because you are displeased with certain antiquated doctrines of her rulers, with certain decrees of the Roman congregations, with certain tendencies in the government of a pontiff? What manner of sons are you who talk of denying your mother because her dress is not to your taste? Can a dress change the maternal bosom? When, resting there, you tearfully confess your infirmities to Christ, and Christ heals you, do you speculate concerning the authenticity of a passage in St. John, the author of the Fourth Gospel, or the two Isaiahs? When, gathered there, you unite yourselves to Christ in the sacrament, are you disturbed by the decrees of the Index, or of the Holy Office? When, lying there, you pass into the shadows of death, is the peace it sheds about you any less sweet because a Pope is opposed to Christian Democracy?

Truly may the professor say,

> With Benedetto there is no danger of heresies or schisms. At the very last meeting he demonstrated that schisms and heresies, besides being blameworthy in themselves, are fatal to the Church, not only because they deprive her of souls, but because they deprive her of elements of progress as well; for if the innovators remained subject [mark the word] to the Church, their errors would perish, and that element of truth, that element of goodness, which—in a certain measure—is nearly always united to error would become vital in the body of the Church.

Nor is this ideal of loyal work within the Church confined to what may be called the moral wing of the movement. The "intellectuals" are also represented in Fogazzaro's book, and their spokesman, Selva, defining "the ills afflicting the Church" as in substance "the result of discord between her mutable human element and her immutable element of divine truth," would engage those who lament these ills in only what he calls "a negative accord," which "we must strive to widen that it may embrace the majority of the intelligent faithful, that it may even reach the hierarchy."

The scholarly, intellectual side of the Modernist movement, however, is far more fully developed and presented in our English Catholic novel. This presentation is of extreme interest on account of the ability, subtlety, and persuasive charm with which the ideals of liberalism and of Catholicism are harmonized. In Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's method, indeed, the influence of Newman is almost amusingly visible. Her task is to show that the most modern scholarship, the freest thought, the finest culture, are compatible with absolute loyalty to the Catholic Church and heartfelt obedience to the Vatican. How shall she prove this to the average Englishman, with his inherited hatred of "Popery," his mistrust of subtlety, his contempt for servility? How better than by embodying her philosophy in a *man*, and a typical Englishman at that, one whose transparent honesty, sober kindliness, and steady, pervasive commonsense will so win the reader's confidence as quite to disarm his prejudice? Need-

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less to say, this feat requires real creative power, and the character of George Sutcliffe is enough to rank Mrs. Wilfrid Ward high among artists as well as apologists. In contrasting, too, his character and opinions with those of the brilliant, impatient French scholar, with his fascinating, tyrannizing intellect, his relentless logic, his fatal inability to compromise or to wait, whose high hopes and terrible disappointment form the central theme of her book, the author makes a most subtle, never emphasized, appeal to national prejudice, so that in the end one feels that submission to the Vatican is a thoroughly English attitude! It is impossible, however, to do any justice to Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's convictions or to the sweet reasonableness of her method without some fairly long quotations. For example, Sutcliffe says:

> We must remember that the business of the authorities is to preserve revealed truth, not to teach history or science. The Christian revelation has been developed and applied more or less accurately in the dogmatic theology which has gradually grown up under pressure of the controversies of ages. This theology is in possession. It is, as it were, the common law of the Church. Authority accepts and administers it. Where positive science shows it to be imperfect, to need some change, the man of science must urge his case in the field of debate. The individual theologians will, in deference to his criticisms, eventually correct it, and then authority will regard the new theology—the amended law—as their rule. But they can no more, on their own responsibility, supersede the existing theology, than the magistrate or judge can give a ruling contrary to existing civil law. . . . Theology is the outcome of thought in the Church which has been approved. Its authority is a recognition of the functions of thought in the ecclesiastical polity, and thus it protects our liberties while it also at times curtails them.

Again:

> The Church here [in Rome] seems to me far more like the early Church than I expected it to be. It is the absolutely living centre of spiritual life, of heroic devotion, throughout the world, to the souls of men. I do not say that I am in love with all the officials; I am not. But I do think that the width and the wisdom and the sense of spiritual values here are enormous. I know that there is a danger in being more keen about two additional missionaries to the Indians than the founding of a chair of philosophy; but I think St. Paul would have been in the same danger. . . . But, d'Etranges, don't think me quite a fool if I go further still, I don't think only that there would be a danger of tyranny and of upsetting the spiritual life of the many, if they always adopted the guidance of the intellectual men of the moment, but I think it is actually in the interests of thought in the long run that they should act as a drag upon progress. . . . You are not more alien to the government of the Vatican than you would be to that of the House of Commons. The nation in the world which has been the quickest to put theories into practice is France, and we do not all think that she has been the happiest and the wisest. I think this difference in pace is in the nature of things, because the men of action have a true instinct that mankind to decide truly must decide slowly, and I believe that those men of thought who are before their time must of necessity suffer, and suffer very much.

Modernism, then, so far at least as it expresses itself in these two representative novels, remains distinctly a movement within the Church, and one, moreover, which is well on its guard against undue intellectualism. Its leaders are permeated with the idea of "the littleness of the human mind, in comparison with its moral and its spiritual life." And its motto is that sentence of Fogazzaro's which Mrs. Wilfrid Ward places on her title-page, "La modernità è buona ma l'eterno è migliore."

L. W. H.

DANIEL COIT GILMAN.

The great achievement with which the name of President Gilman will always be chiefly associated is that of having naturalized in America the idea of a true university. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to point to any other instance in which a fundamental advance in the aims of the higher education in a great nation has been so clearly identified with the work of one man. To say this is not to claim for Mr. Gilman any great originality of conception, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, any monopoly in the work of shaping the methods by which the ideas underlying the creation of the Johns Hopkins University were brought into definite and concrete form. It is perfectly true that the time was ripe for the great forward step that was taken in Baltimore in 1876; vague aspirations in that direction existed in a number of places, and fragmentary efforts toward higher university work were made here and there, by some exceptionally gifted or exceptionally equipped professor in one or another of our leading institutions of learning. But there is no telling how long a time the actual ripening might have required if it had been left to the gradual increase of these sporadic efforts, which had no systematic support, and which were not even recognized, by any but the merest handful of men, as pointing toward any broad or significant result. The first great merit of President Gilman was that, from the moment that he was called to Baltimore, the object which he set before himself was that of making the institution which was to arise there under his guidance a means of supplying to the nation intellectual training of a higher order than could be obtained at existing colleges and universities, and thus distinctly raising the standards of American science and scholarship. The wisdom of Johns Hopkins in placing no restrictions on the discretion of his trustees, and the intelligence and broad-mindedness of the trustees themselves, gave President Gilman a rare and enviable opportunity to carry out this high purpose; but it must not be forgotten that, in the practical execution of such a task, there arise a thousand difficulties, temptations, and insidious dangers, any one of which may portend serious damage, and all of which, taken together, may mean utter failure. To be firm against local prejudices or desires when in conflict with the great end in view; to be uninfluenced by personal claims and unafraid of temporary complainings; to disappoint the natural hopes of those who were anxious to see imposing buildings and big crowds of students, and to await the recognition which attends the genuine achievement of a vital but not superficially showy result—these are things that look easy in the retrospect, but that did not seem by any means matters of course before the event.

As to the actual methods adopted in the inception of the Johns Hopkins University, it would be an error to attribute them to the unaided initiative of President Gilman. He felt his way; he had at his side, in the original group of six professors, men who were not only eminent scholars, investigators, and teachers, but able advisers. Three were American and three English; and of the three Americans, two had been thoroughly imbued with the methods of the German universities in which they had been trained. It was, of course, in the main the adoption of German university standards and methods that characterized the new university at Baltimore, and differentiated it from anything that had theretofore existed in America; and in determining just how far to go in this direction the views of two such men as Gildersleeve and Remsen were naturally of the utmost value and influence. Anything like an exact imitation of the German university was not attempted; but the conclusion was soon arrived at that the German doctorate of philosophy must be set up as the fixed goal of students, and that the German *Seminar* must be one of the chief instruments of instruction. That before receiving the university degree the candidate must have shown the training of an investigator in his chief subject, as well as the acquisition of a certain amount of specialized knowledge, was thus fundamental in the Johns Hopkins plan from the beginning; it need hardly be added that, as a matter of course, productive research was, generally speaking, understood to be an indispensable part of the activities of the professorial body. That the combination of the work of research

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with the work of teaching was a cardinal part of President Gilman's programme from the outset is evident from his inaugural address delivered February 22, 1876, half a year before the university was opened; and the promptness with which the university began the publication of the *American Journal of Mathematics*, the *American Chemical Journal*, and the *American Journal of Philology* gave evidence of the prominence, in President Gilman's mind, of the idea of furnishing all necessary facilities and encouragements for the prosecution of research.

The project of establishing twenty fellowships, to be held for a period of from one to three years by young men of good attainments and of unusual promise, had been adopted by Mr. Gilman before he had gathered his professors together, and it proved to be a factor of the first importance in the creation of that inspiriting atmosphere which distinguished the early years of the Johns Hopkins and which all who shared in the labors and the enthusiasms of that time cherish among the brightest memories of their lives. The fellowship and scholarship method of attracting students has, in the past thirty years, spread to great dimensions in our country, with results that are not without their objectionable side; but neither at the Johns Hopkins nor elsewhere is the idea of the fellowship now what it was when Mr. Gilman gathered in the aspiring young men who held the Johns Hopkins fellowships in the first few years. It may be somewhat difficult to point out the exact difference; but perhaps this may best be indicated by saying that the Johns Hopkins fellowship in those days did not seem a routine matter, an every-day step in the regular process toward a doctorate or a professorship, but a rare and peculiar opportunity for study and research, eagerly seized by men who had been hungering and thirsting for such a possibility. Of course not every one of the twenty was a *rara avis*, nor was every one equally enthusiastic. But, on the whole, here was a little phalanx of gifted and ardent young men gathered from every quarter of the country, some of them fresh from study in Germany, and nearly all filled with the idea that a new world was opening out for American learning and that they were the first to be admitted to the privilege of entering upon its intellectual joys. At least one member of the first band of fellows, a man who has reached the highest distinction as a philosophical thinker and writer—Professor Royce—some years ago recorded in a charming way his recollections of those inspiring days, and what he says about them is no more than those who were his contemporaries at Johns Hopkins will recognize as true.

Among the qualities of President Gilman to which the splendid success of the young university was due, none is more frequently or more justly pointed to than his rare talent in the choice of men. With the small faculty with which the work was begun, it was of essential importance that every appointment, or nearly every appointment, should be of preëminent excellence; and such was the case. Moreover, the qualities of the various professors—their temperament, their predilections, their methods, their origin and antecedents—were extremely diverse; and it was in a measure this very diversity that gave Johns Hopkins that peculiarly intense and picturesque vitality that was so marked in its early years. It would never in the world have done to have a whole faculty of Sylvesters; anything like a systematic programme would have been out of the question, and still more out of the question would have been the carrying out of any programme whatever. But on the other hand, the presence of *one* Sylvester was of absolutely incalculable value. Not only did he fire the zeal of the young men who came for mathematics, but the contagion of his intellectual ardor was felt in every department of the university, and did more than any other one thing to quicken that spirit of idealistic devotion to the pursuit of truth and the enlargement of knowledge which is, after all, the very soul of a university. It was one of the finest traits of President Gilman that he not only appreciated qualities like Sylvester's sufficiently to lead him to select such a man in the first place, but—what is far more noteworthy—was capable of such genuine sympathy with him, such participation in his aims and enthusiasms, as to overcome all the barriers and difficulties and vexations that necessarily attended dealings with a man having in so extraordinary a measure the trying temperamental peculiarities that are the privilege of genius. It was not only in the selection of men, but in dealing with them, that Gilman showed the gifts of a remarkable administrator. Nor does this adequately express the source of his hold on his colleagues, for that was due not merely to skill or sagacity, but also to the really extraordinary breadth of his interests. There was nothing great, nothing significant in any field of effort, that failed to appeal to his imagination and to arouse in him the keen interest of a man whose mind was ever open to the possibilities of achievement and to the promotion of culture in all its forms.

Mr. Gilman's career did not begin with the foundation of the Johns Hopkins University, and did not end with his retirement from its presidency after twenty-five years of service. Nor was his activity during that twenty-five years confined to his university work. He took an important and sometimes a leading part in every movement for educational and social betterment in Baltimore; he was selected by President Cleveland as a member of the Venezuela Boundary Commission, and effectively applied his skill as a geographer and his talent for the organization of a complex work to the task of that body; he succeeded Carl Schurz as president of the National Civil Service Reform League; he took an active and important part in the administration of the Peabody Fund, the Slater Fund, and the General Educational Fund. Before the Johns Hopkins days, he had done fine work at Yale, especially in the development of the Sheffield Scientific School; and his acceptance of the presidency of the University of California resulted in its almost immediate transformation from an insignificant to an important institution. He edited the works of Francis Lieber and wrote a life of James Monroe and a number of papers on subjects connected with education and with government. After his resignation from Johns Hopkins, he became the first president of the Carnegie Institution, and continued at that post during the years in which its work was taking shape.

But, after all, the central fact of his life, and that which gives it genuine historical importance, was the formation of the Johns Hopkins University. From this event will always be dated the raising of America's chief institutions of learning to the plane of real universities, and indeed the beginning, in our country, of productive intellectual activity on a large scale in the higher fields of research. If anybody is inclined to think that there was nothing but coincidence in this—that it was only a matter of the time and the money coming fortunately together—it is worth while to call his attention to the way in which history repeated itself when, seventeen years after the foundation of the university, the gift of the moderate sum of half a million dollars, by Miss Garrett and others, rendered possible the opening of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. It was not an accident that such men as Welch and Osler—not to mention others—were found for the work then undertaken; it was not an accident that the result of that work was such as was characterized by President Eliot when he spoke of "the prodigious advancement of medical teaching which has resulted from the labors of the Johns Hopkins faculty of medicine." However ripe the time may have been, it awaited the awakening touch of the right men, set on the right track, encouraged and aided to do the right thing, before the result was accomplished. President Gilman was, all his life, a centre of hopeful and creative activity; he had a genuine love of large and useful achievement, and he had

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both the steadfastness of purpose and the clearness of judgment necessary to the realization of such achievement; he took a keen interest in those who worked with him and those who worked under him; he was quick to discern excellence of every kind, and eager to help its possessor to the best opportunities for the exercise of his powers; he filled every year of his long life with energetic and beneficent activity; he was kindly and generous; he never lowered the dignity of his office; and he leaves behind him a rare record of high and lasting service to his country and to the cause of learning.

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

Baltimore, October 16.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

R. A. Peddie, librarian of the St. Bride Foundation, in London, has begun to publish, in the *Library World*, what will undoubtedly prove to be a valuable tool for the student of ancient and mediæval literature as well as for the student and collector of early typography, namely, a short title author index to fifteenth-century books. Of bibliographies and catalogues of incunabula there is hardly an end, and there are several indexes to printers; but a comprehensive list of the authors of the books has been lacking ever since the publication of Hain's "Reportorium," in 1826-1838. This gap Mr. Peddie is now proposing to fill. He gives for each work a chronological list of editions (preceded by those without date), and for each edition references to bibliographies containing full descriptions, and also to facsimile reproductions. The first two instalments of the index bring the alphabet down to Albertus Magnus.

No better specimens of book-making have appeared in America than the volumes of William Loring Andrews, printed at the Gillis Press. Mr. Andrews does more than write the text; from the time the book begins to take form until it is bound, it has his closest attention. Then, too, he has the coöperation of Mr. Gillis, a practical printer with ideas of his own. The latest issue—Mr. Andrews says it is his last—is "The Heavenly Jerusalem: A Mediæval Song of the Joys of the Church Triumphant," reprinted from "The Song of Mary the Mother of Christ," a rare Elizabethan collection, "Printed by E. Allde for William Ferbrand," 1601, of which Mr. Andrews owns one of the three known copies. Besides this early version the volume contains numerous variants and copious notes and quotations. Among the illustrations are two original engravings on copper by Sidney L. Smith. The work is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 120 copies on handmade paper, 27 copies on imperial Japan paper, and 5 copies on special French Japan paper.

On October 27 to 30, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library of the late Gen. John Marshall Brown of Portland, Me. The collection is mainly Americana, with a specialty of books relating to Maine and the Northeastern Boundary. There are few high-priced rarities, but the collection is especially rich in local histories, genealogies, publications of societies, and historical reprints. Among the more important sets are Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary," 4 vols.; "The New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vols. I.-L.; Thwaites's edition of the "Jesuit Relations," 74 vols.; Force's "American Archives," 9 vols.; Charlevoix's "Description of New France," translated by Shea, 6 vols.; and the Publications of the Hakluyt Society, 152 vols., lacking only Vol. XIII. of the Second Series of being complete. The Bibliophile Society Publications comprise the Horace, André's "Journal," Dibdin's "Bibliomania," the Lamb Letters, the two Thoreau volumes, and several others.

On October 26, the Anderson Auction Co. of this city sells a miscellaneous collection containing twelve early tracts by Martin Luther, printed in Wittenberg from 1520 to 1543; and books on the Indians and on Mexico. On October 27, the firm offers a similar collection, including a copy of Myles Cooper's Tory tract, "A Friendly Address to all Reasonable Americans," printed by Rivington, New York, 1774; "The Harbinger," 1836, O. W. Holmes's first book, and other first editions. On October 28 and 29 the library of Dr. Howard J. Rogers of Albany will be offered. It contains Burton's "Arabian Nights," the original edition, 16 vols.; Alken's "Real Life in Ireland," 1821, and other books with colored plates; publications of the Bibliophile Society and the Caxton Club; a series of works on Christian Science. There is also a collection of bibliography, including Sabin's "Dictionary of Books Relating to America" (on large paper); Smith's "British Mezzotints"; Bigmore and Wyman's "Bibliography of Printing"; and the Rothschild, Rowfant, Gosse, and other scarce catalogues.

On November 16 and 17, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London sell a collection of autograph letters and documents, the property of the late Mrs. Julia Davies of Cheltenham. Included are letters of Michael Angelo (with a drawing attributed to him), Cotton Mather, Lord Nelson, Capt. Cook, Henrietta Maria (Queen of Charles I.), John Wesley, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, and Jonathan Swift. The original assignment of copyright from John Keats to Taylor and Hessey of his "Poems" and "Lamia," the consideration being £100, is an interesting document; as is also an original Latin epigram, 24 lines, in the autograph of Erasmus.

Correspondence.

SOME CURIOUS MISPRINTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my work on literary texts I have come across many misprints and corruptions, some that are very surprising. I doubt whether any poem of moderate length has been oftener reprinted or more widely read then Gray's "Elegy." But when I edited it with other of his poems in 1876 I found that it had not been printed correctly for at least a hundred years. There are three manuscript copies of it extant in Gray's handwriting, and many critical editions of his poems (from Wakefield's in 1786 down to Gosse's in 1884) have been published, in which some or all of these corruptions are reproduced. They began with the *editio princeps* of the "Elegy" in 1751, of which Gray says in a letter to Walpole: "Nurse Dodsley has given it a pinch or two in the cradle, that (I doubt) it will bear the marks of as long as it lives." It bears some of them still in the latest editions of the best anthologies (Bryant's and others), and in collections of poetry for educational use. It was given correctly in Gray's first collected edition of his poems (1768), a book in which I found but one typographical error and that somewhat doubtful. The second line of the "Elegy" is almost invariably made "The lowing herd *winds* slowly o'er the lea"; but Gray wrote "wind," as all the manuscripts and the edition of 1768 give it. The blunder mars both the meaning and the metre. The poet does not see the herd as an aggregate but the animals that compose it, as "lowing" also implies. Tennyson said that he "had almost rather sacrifice the sense than have two *s*'s come together," and some of the alterations in his poems were evidently made to get rid of this juxtaposition of sibilants. In one of our conversations we happened to touch upon this point, and I asked him if he had noticed the "winds slowly." "Why, no," he replied, "I have always *read* it *wind*"; but all the copies of the poem at hand had "winds." A worse error in the "Elegy," to refer to only one more, is "Await" for "Awaits" in the ninth stanza, which perverts the syntax and makes nonsense of the passage. The "inevitable hour" awaits the rich, the noble, and the powerful, who do *not* look forward to it or think of it.

Of longer poems, I suppose that "The Lady of the Lake" has passed through more editions and been read by more thousands of people, young and old, than any other in our literature; but when editing it in 1882 I found so many discrepancies and inconsistencies in the various texts that I had to suspend the work until I could obtain a copy of Scott's first edition (1810), which, after vainly hunting in Cambridge, Boston, and other libraries, I got through a London bookseller. This edition was in elegant quarto form and remarkably accurate. In the second edition (octavo, 1810) misprints began to appear, and they multiplied from that time until 1834, when Lockhart professed to have collated the former editions with the manuscripts, and to republish Scott's poems, as the player editors of the 1623 Folio proposed to reprint Shakespeare's plays, "cur'd and perfect of their limbes" and "absolute in their numbers"; but his editing, for a literary man of these latter days, was much worse than theirs. So far as I could find, he very rarely corrected an earlier misprint or corruption, while he added, or allowed his printers to add, a multitude of new ones; and he repeatedly recorded readings of the first edition as "manuscript" readings, and *vice versa*. The accumulated corruptions of this "standard" edition have been perpetuated in almost all the Scottish, English, and American reprints from that day to this. All those in "The Lady of the Lake," for instance, appear in an illustrated edition of the poem published in Edinburgh two or three years ago, with an introduction by Andrew Lang. Many of these corruptions are almost incredibly bad—un-

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grammatical, ridiculous, or absolutely nonsensical—but I must not take space for illustrating them here.

"Marmion" has been even more unfortunate, for it was never printed correctly until I edited it in 1884. Scott overlooked sundry bad misprints in the first edition, and did not detect them afterwards. Lockhart, of course, retained them, adding some of his own (double negatives, for instance, which Scott, with all his archaisms, never uses); and I found nearly all the other poems more or less corrupt when revising them for the complete Boston edition of 1887. Let the reader look into any edition of "Marmion," except mine and a few of the more recent ones, and he will find a period at the end of the fifth line of the second canto, instead of the comma which Scott meant to put there; and he will see what an absurd change this makes in the syntax and the sense of the context. He will find a similar oversight of Scott's in the full stop (period in first edition, and colon in others) at the end of the tenth line ("As hurrying, tottering on") of the last (thirty-third) section of the same canto, where there should be a comma. Of the many other corruptions in "Marmion" one is specially noteworthy because it is common in editions of Shakespeare and other authors—the confounding of the obsolete "vail" (to lower or let fall from the French *avaler*) with "veil," a word of entirely different etymology. In Canto iii, Section 14, Scott wrote:

> And proudest princes vail their eyes
> Before their meanest slave;

that is, from shame at the exposure of their secret crimes. Shakespeare uses this "vail" at least ten times, or oftener than "veil"; as in "Hamlet," i., 2, 70:

> Do not forever with thy vailed lids
> Seek for thy noble father in the dust

(with downcast eyes); and in "Measure for Measure," v., 1., 20 (where veil would be absurd):

> Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
> Upon a wrong'd—I would fain have said, a maid!

But I have seen editions of Shakespeare in which the word was invariably printed "veil." We have a play upon it in Marlowe's "Hero and Leander": "Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close."

Sometimes misprints make good sense, and a careful editor who cannot refer to other standard editions may not detect or suspect them; or where two good texts vary, it may be difficult to decide between them. In Tennyson's "Princess," for example, I found such pairs of words as "couched" and "crouched," "regal" and "legal," "royal" and "loyal," the second of each pair being a misprint, though liable to be taken for a reading altered later by the poet. In Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," Act i., the early London editions had "crowning attestation," changed to "crowding" in 1885. I adopted the former in editing the play (1887), but the accomplished supervisor of the Riverside edition (H. E. Scudder) insisted that "crowding" was certainly the poet's own alteration for the better (the context favored it in a way), and he adopted it. In writing to Browning a little later, I referred to the question, and he said that "crowding" was "a vile misprint." It was corrected in the Cambridge edition, if not in the later issues of the Riverside.

A change made by an author may, however, be taken for a misprint. A teacher once pointed out to me what he supposed to be a printer's corruption in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," in the line, "Had sailed to the Spanish Main," which for many years had read "Had sailed the Spanish Main." But it was Longfellow's own correction of a very common misapprehension. Yellowplush, it will be remembered, when he came to Boulogne-sur-Mer, was surprised to find that it was on the land, not on the sea; and the poet found out, one day, that the Spanish Main was the mainland bordering on what he—like nine people out of ten—had supposed to be the sea called by that name. So he quietly inserted the preposition in the next reprint of the poem; but the editors of some school collections of poetry have not found it out. Tennyson, after the lapse of forty-seven years, corrected a similar mistake in "The Poet's Song," which, from 1842 to 1889, had read "The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee"; but an ornithological friend informed him that the bird never meddled with bees, and "the fly" took the place of the long-pursued insect. When "The Palace of Art" was first printed (1832), the poet inserted in a foot-note some stanzas that he decided to suppress, one of which was:

> She saw the snowy poles and moons of Mars,
> That marvellous round of milky light
> Below Orion, etc.

But when he let his friend Palgrave reprint this in his "Lyrical Poems of Lord Tennyson" (1885) he revised the lines thus:

> She saw the Snowy poles and moons of Mars,
> That marvellous field of drifted light
> In mid Orion, etc.

The two moons of Mars had been discovered in the meantime. When the lines were first written the poet must have known that the great nebula of Orion, though "below" the belt of the starry giant, was obviously within the constellation; but apparently he could not at the time decide on a more specific description and thought that "below Orion" might be allowed to pass in a suppressed stanza. But he could not let it stand when reprinted fifty-three years later.

Misprints occasionally find their way into the best dictionaries; like "pornial" (for "primeval"), which appears in the "Century" and the "Standard," if in no others, defined as "meretricious" and assumed to be from the same Greek root as "pornographic," etc. The "New English Dictionary," Oxford, I see, calls attention to this inaccuracy. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in 1887 printed privately a "Dictionary of Misprints" "found in printed books of the 16th and 17th centuries" and "compiled for the use of verbal critics, and especially for those who are engaged in editing the works of Shakespeare and our other early dramatists." It was a "mere instalment" of what he hoped to "expand into a larger work"; but his death in 1889 prevented his carrying out the plan. The book contains much curious matter, but the length to which this random letter has already extended forbids me to make any extracts from it.

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, Mass., October 10.

IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Have you room for a word of protest against the vast and growing national ignorance of the Bible? Before long, if tendencies continue, we shall have only a dead Scriptures embalmed along with the dead languages in the memories of a conservative minority. Some recent experiences of mine have accentuated the apprehension that we are soon to be an un-Bibled people.

As a substitute Sunday-school teacher I asked a class of boys from the best families in this refined New England community where a college has been disseminating culture for more than a century, "What is meant by the words 'prodigal son'?"

One lad immediately vouchsafed, "It's the sun that rises and sets each day, isn't it?"

But he was immediately corrected by a wiser boy who said, "No, 'tisn't. The prodigal son means Jesus Christ."

I had occasion to lead a Bible study meeting of college students, and to wake them up to the need of greater familiarity with the Scriptures, I ventured as a test-question: "How many of you college men think you could find the book of Hezekiah in the Bible without using the index?" One man inquired how much time I'd give them, and when I permitted them five minutes for the search, fifteen out of the forty men were sure they could accomplish the feat, and actually set about it. Hoping against hope that this experience was exceptional, I carried the same question to Boston a few weeks later, where I had occasion to conduct a Bible class of Harvard and Technology men. In that class, numbering thirteen, every man was sure he could achieve this impossibility.

It was in still another college community where I was residing that an allusion was made in a philosophy recitation to a sentiment to be found in "Corinthians." "What is Corinthians?" was the serious question asked by one student after class; "I always supposed it was one form of architecture."

Bibles are being printed to-day by the millions, we learn from the salaried secretaries of the Bible societies, but these copies are being circulated for the most part in foreign lands as accessories to the missionary activity of the church. Increasingly the Bible is becoming like a military fortification: it does its work on the frontier, where Christendom and heathenism are in conflict, rather than back within the lines of Christian tradition and inheritance. College students graduate from alma mater having been thoroughly drilled in the literature connected with the founding of the Papacy, for example, and yet hopelessly ignorant of the colossal spiritual value and literary worth of the literature that emanated from the young years of the Christian church. Isn't it an anti-climax of culture to be sent forth into life well informed with regard to Shakespeare and Milton, but unacquainted with Isaiah and Jesus? And yet the colleges that offer courses in the English Bible or in Biblical literature are almost a refreshing exception to the rule. And as to the Bible in the public schools, alas!

The Bible is an unopened mine to multitudes of young Americans. It is high time

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that those who determine the policies of our educational institutions should sink shafts and furnish smelters so that the ore to be found in this "library of the world's best literature" can be worked up. Perhaps when this is done there will be reproduced the surprise of a young friend of mine aged ten years, who, after happening to read the Bible for a while, looked up in amazement to his mother and said, "Why, ma, I should say this is just as interesting as any other book!"

HERBERT A. JUMP.

Brunswick, Me., October 13.

THE RECORD OF THE RHODES SCHOLARS FROM THE UNITED STATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article on the American Rhodes scholars in your issue of September 17 by F. J. Wylie, secretary of the Rhodes trustees, interested me very much; for I have inquired of Oxford friends about this very subject, and in July, 1907, I discussed it with Mr. Wylie himself. With his natural courtesy he has made the best presentation of the matter possible, but any fair-minded reader can see that the paragraph on the point of view of the tutor is decidedly apologetic. I cannot decide whether Mr. Wylie excludes the Canadian scholars from the list of Americans, but judging by his figures I feel that such must be the case. I shall, therefore, speak only of scholars from the United States in performing the ungracious but useful function of the devil's advocate. My purpose is to determine the intellectual achievement of these young Americans, according to the ordinary tests, viz., the honor lists of the final examinations. This is the proper time to take this reckoning, for the career of the first set of Rhodes scholars, entering in 1904 or 1905, is completed. I propose to give a fair answer to the following questions:

(1.) What schools (or courses, to use the American phrase) did they enter?
(2.) How did they come out in the finals, as compared with the Englishmen or the colonial Rhodes scholars?
(3.) What rewards of distinction in the shape of open scholarships, or fellowships, or official appointments, have they won?

Of the final honor schools at Oxford, leading to a bachelor's degree, the first in difficulty is that of Literæ Humaniores, "admitted on all hands to be the premier school in dignity and importance." Of the 43 Rhodes scholars entering in 1904, 4 took this course. In the honor lists for 1907, the names of 3 are found: 1 in the first class, 1 in the second, and 1 in the fourth. Of the 38 entering in 1905, 8 took this course. In the "greats" list for 1908, 3 of these are found, none with a first or second, 2 with a third, and 1 satisfied the examiners. The remainder either were plucked or did not take the examination. The honor list for 1907 has 150 names; 29 in the first class, 57 in the second, 50 third, 14 fourth. In this list for 1908 there were in all 147 names; 25 in the first, 56 second, 54 third, and 12 fourth. There is not a Rhodes scholar of any sort in the first two classes.

Next comes the school of Modern History, first in numbers, second in importance. In 1904, 9 from this country were enrolled; in 1905, 5. In the honor lists for 1907, there were 1 first, 2 seconds, 4 thirds; in 1908, 1 first, 2 seconds, and 2 thirds. The honor list for 1907 has 138 names: 9 in the first class, 52 second, 56 third, 21 fourth. This year there are 146 names: 12 in the first class, 50 second, 65 third, 19 fourth.

Eight entered the school of Jurisprudence in 1904, 4 in 1905. In the honor list for 1907, 4 were in the second class and 1 in the third; in 1908, of 4 men, 1 was in the first class and 1 second. The honor list for 1907 has 84 names: 4 in the first, 31 second, 32 third, 17 fourth. The list in 1908 has 71 names: 4 in the first, 26 second, 25 third, and 16 fourth.

A similar course is that for the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law. Six entered in 1904, and 5 in 1905. The record of those in 1907 is 1 first, 2 seconds, and 1 third; in 1908, 1 third.

The School of Theology attracted 2 in 1904, 5 in 1905. Both of the men won firsts for 1907; in 1908, 3 were in the second class, 1 in the third. The full list in 1907 is 65: 10 in the first, 23 second, 25 third, 7 fourth. The list in 1908 is 63; 7 in the first, 19 second, 31 third, and 5 fourth.

The newest school (a very small one) is that of English Literature. It is by some supposed to offer the path of least resistance. Four took it in 1904, and 5 in 1905. In 1907, 2 were in the third class and 1 in the fourth; in 1908 2 in the second, 1 in the third. In 1907 there were twelve in all: 1 first, 4 seconds, 6 thirds, 1 fourth. In 1908 there are 16 names, while on the honor list for women, there are 13 names, 4 of whom won firsts.

It is remarkable that the school of Natural Science has attracted so few from this country. It comprises seven distinct courses in which a degree may be taken: (1) physics, (2) chemistry, (3) animal physiology, (4) zoölogy, (5) botany, (6) geology, (7) astronomy. Yet only 2 Rhodes scholars from America have entered, and 1 took first honors in geology. There were 57 names in the honor list in 1907 and 73 in 1908.

The same thing is true of the School of Modern Languages. One entered it in 1904, and got a second; 1 entered in 1905, and was placed in the third class in 1908.

The record for the Mathematical School is even worse. One Rhodes scholar from this country has entered it, and he took a fourth.

The comparison of these results with those achieved by the Englishmen themselves or by the colonials is not favorable to the United States, especially in the two most important schools of Literæ Humaniores and Modern History. In the two years 1907 and 1908 there were in round numbers 300 names on the honor list. We had 1 first in Literæ Humaniores and 2 in Modern History. The 2 scholars from Quebec entering in 1904 both took firsts in Literæ Humaniores. Of the 7 from Australasia in 1904, 4 took firsts and 2 seconds. Firsts are the chief criterion by which Englishmen measure scholarly achievements at Oxford. In the Public Schools Year Book, no mention is made of anything but firsts. Recently Rugby, with perhaps 12 men in the finals, won 4 firsts and Marlborough had practically the same record. This is the more notable when we remember that the Englishmen are possibly two years younger than those from this country. Of the 81 scholars from this country all but 6 were college graduates, and presumably twenty-one or twenty-two years old. No English boy is allowed to remain at the great fitting schools after he is nineteen, and he presumably enters college at that age.

In outside honors, such as prizes, scholarships, fellowships, official appointments, we have done very little as compared with the colonials. One Canadian won the Ireland, the Craven, the Chancellor's Prize for Latin Essay, was made an honorary scholar of Balliol and honorary fellow at Exeter. Two Australians have taken the Vinerian Law Scholarship, and one of them took also the Eldon Law Scholarship, besides passing first class in the two schools of Bachelor of Civil Law and of Jurisprudence at Oxford, and also in the London Bar examination. He was appointed Law Lecturer at University College. The only three official appointments for men from this country which I have noted are to the positions of demonstrator to the professor of physics and to the professor of geology, while one was appointed tutor in English literature at Magdalen.

As a proper close of this review, it may be well to print the roll of honor of those who have won firsts. In 1906, Tucker-Brooke of Virginia in English Literature; Hinds, North Dakota, Geology. In 1907, Fobes, Massachusetts, Literæ Humaniores; Kirkpatrick, Alabama, History; Barnes, Montana, and Sperry, Michigan, Theology; Kieffer, Maryland, for the B. C. L. degree. In 1908, Schmidt, Tennessee, in History; Ford, Mississippi, Jurisprudence. This makes the nine mentioned by Mr. Wylie. Five came from south of Mason and Dixon's line, a creditable showing for that part of the country.

GEORGE L. FOX.

New Haven, Conn., October 12.

A TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR WILAMOWITZ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On December 22 Professor Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff of the University of Berlin will celebrate his sixtieth birthday. Following the time-honored custom of the fatherland, his associates in Germany planned to commemorate the occasion by offering to their distinguished colleague some appropriate mark of their admiration and esteem. But as the plan took shape it was soon realized that the services of Professor Wilamowitz to scholarship and his influence as a teacher and writer would not receive a recognition at all adequate if its expression were confined to his pupils and friends in Germany. For many years he has been regarded by his fellow-workers of all countries as the foremost Hellenist of his time; his spirit and sympathies are singularly catholic; his pupils are found in every land where classical studies flourish; and his writings have been a source of inspiration to scholars and teachers everywhere. Accordingly, to give an opportunity to all who would delight to do him honor on his birthday, an international committee of twenty-two members has been organized. In their opinion the most appropriate memorial which could be presented to Professor Wilamowitz would be a fund placed at his disposal for the prosecution of some large scholarly un-

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dertaking. In organizing and directing plans for scholarly research Wilamowitz has no equal to-day. His counsel and active participation have had a marked influence upon the publications of the Berlin Academy in recent years, and have immensely enlarged the scope of its undertakings in classical fields. To a scholar of his great learning, his knowledge of the unsolved problems, and his ability as an organizer, the presentation of a large fund which would enable him to extend his activities at this the most fruitful period of his life will prove a gift in whose beneficent results all scholars will share. The fund presented some years ago to Theodor Mommsen furnishes the precedent which the committee proposes to follow.

The call for subscriptions to the Wilamowitz Fund is now being sent out on the Continent. The time is so short that it may not be possible to reach by personal communication all classical scholars, archæologists, and friends of classical learning in America. This means is therefore taken of calling the matter to their attention. The response should be generous, for American scholars are in many ways more deeply indebted to Wilamowitz than to any other scholar in Europe. Each contributor will receive a copy of the list which will be presented to Professor Wilamowitz, together with a statement of the amount of the fund. All who would like to contribute are requested to send their subscriptions to the undersigned at as early a date as possible.

EDWARD CAPPS.

Princeton University, October 15.

ANCIENT OLYMPIC GAMES AND MODERN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the disagreeable features attending the Olympic games recently held in London, it would be well to recall the advice given to the Greeks by the wise men of Egypt:

In the reign of Psammis, ambassadors from Elis arrived in Egypt, boasting that their arrangements for the conduct of the Olympic games were the best and fairest that could be devised, and fancying that not even the Egyptians, who surpassed all other nations in wisdom, could add anything to their perfection. When these persons reached Egypt, and explained the reason of their visit, the King summoned an assembly of all the wisest of the Egyptians. They met, and the Eleans having given them a full account of all their rules and regulations with respect to the contests, said that they had come to Egypt for the express purpose of learning whether the Egyptians could improve the fairness of their regulations in any particular. The Egyptians considered awhile, and then made inquiry, "If they allowed their own citizens to enter the lists?" The Eleans answered, "That the lists were open to all Greeks, whether they belonged to Elis or to any other State." Hereupon the Egyptians observed, "That if this were so, they departed from justice very widely, since it was impossible but that they would favor their own countrymen, and deal unfairly by foreigners. If, therefore, they really wished to manage the games with fairness, and if this was the object of their coming to Egypt, they advised them to confine the contests to strangers, and allow no native of Elis to be a candidate." Such was the advice which the Egyptians gave to the Eleans.—Herodotus, ii., 160, Rawlinson's Translation.

LOUIS N. FEIPEL.

Annapolis, Md., October 16.

SIR OLIVER LODGE EXPLAINS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is hopeless to answer all misrepresentations, and quite impossible to remove their bad effects; but when they are unintentional an effort in that direction may be made.

Under the head "Messages from the Dead," you have quoted in your issue of September 17 (p. 249) a verse of doggerel from an analytical and critical paper entitled "On the Automatic Writing of Mrs. Holland"—recently published in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research—and have said that it was painful to attribute such a verse to the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers. I quite agree; it would be painful to attribute it to the developed intelligence of Mr. Myers or any other poet. But on what evidence do you assume that we have done so? Ought a schoolboy exercise in a foreign language or a rhyme constructed between sleep and waking to be esteemed part of the output of a man of letters?

Let me put the question in another form. Imagine a barn in which the produce of a wheat field is being threshed out, and let a passer-by have some of the result blown out to him through the open door by the wind. Would he be justified in expressing contempt for the result of so much labor, and surprise that any one should consider it a satisfactory sample of grain?

As if answering such a superficial critic, I notice that Miss Johnson concludes her first chapter thus:

Though many of the sensations and experiences connected with the script are probably subjective in origin, ... it may be that when we know more of the subject, we shall find significance in some incidents which now seem unimportant. It seems better, therefore, for the present to err on the side of recording too much rather than too little.

OLIVER LODGE.

Birmingham, England, October 9.

Notes.

A new theory of Junius is afloat. Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles of London are about to publish "Thomas Pownall, M.P., F.R.S., Governor of Massachusetts Bay, Author of the Letters of Junius," by C. A. W. Pownall. According to the author of this book, Pownall "employed Philip Francis to write from his draughts or dictation."

The Earl of Ilchester has edited "The Journal of Elizabeth Lady Holland," and the book is to be brought out this season by Longmans, Green, & Co. This is the famous leader of the Whigs, the mistress of the salon where met the statesmen and wits recently described in Lloyd Sanders's "Holland House Circle" (see *Nation*, October 8, p. 336). The journal now to be made public gives an account of her early unhappy marriage with Sir Godfrey Webster, and continues the record after her marriage to Lord Holland down to 1814.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce for publication this month: "Following the Color Line," by Ray Stannard Baker, with twenty-four illustrations from photographs.

Prof. E. G. Sihler of the New York University has collected a volume of essays and sketches dealing with classical subjects, which is to be published soon by G. E. Stechert & Co.

From the De La More Press are coming two essays of the Russian critic Merejkowski, "The Life-Work of Flaubert" and "Marcus Aurelius," translated by G. A. Mounsey.

A new edition of Dr. Edward Caird's "Critical Philosophy of Immanuel Kant" is to be issued by MacLehose & Co. of Glasgow. The same house is publishing "The Book of Faith," a fifteenth-century tractate by Bishop Pecock, edited by Prof. J. L. Morison.

Harpers are bringing out Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" in new form, with accounts of eight additional battles.

Kipling's "Light that Failed," in the Pocket Edition issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., is for the generous-sized pocket. The type is large and the paper thick enough to leaf without crumpling.

The Reader's Library, edited by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson, is announced by Fleming H. Revell Co. The plan, as outlined (though subject to revision), is to issue fourteen volumes under the following titles: "The Great English Letter Writers" (2 vols.), "The Great Essayists," "The Great Historians" (2 vols.), "The Great Biographies," "The Great Lyric Poems," "The Great Short Stories," "The Great Novels" (2 vols.), "The Great Confessions," "The Great Nature Lovers," "The Great Devotional Writers," and "The Great Accusers." The professed purpose is "to present in succinct form a survey of English literature." We doubt whether that purpose can fairly be fulfilled. Letters, essays, poems, short stories, sermons, orations, and the like are legitimate material for the anthologist; but brief extracts from history, biography, or novel do not convey an adequate idea of the work as a whole. We feel therefore that the inclusion of such fragments adds very little to the value of a collection. The first two volumes of the Reader's Library, "The Great English Letter Writers," just from the press, are well printed and neatly bound. Each volume contains a superficial and commonplace introduction; but that does not make the letters themselves less interesting. They are not arranged chronologically, but, as in E. V. Lucas's "The Gentlest Art," under such headings as "Tribulations of Genius," "Secrets," "Crises," "Letters to Eminent Persons," "Portraits," "Literary Verdicts," and "Rhymed Epistles." But the selection is entertaining (how could it be otherwise?); for we have examples of all the best English letter writers from Edmund Spenser to Robert Louis Stevenson.

"The Mirrour of the Blessed Lyf of Jesu Christ," edited by Lawrence F. Powell (London: Henry Frowde), is a beautiful devotional work printed at the Clarendon Press in a manner that does honor to mediæval piety. The English version, presumably from the Latin of Cardinal Bonaventura Baduarius, was made by a Carthusian prior in Yorkshire some time previous to 1410. In this reprint, apparently the first since the edition of Wynkyn de Worde in the sixteenth century, the old spelling is preserved. It is easy to under-

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stand why this life of Christ had a wide popularity in the days of the Canterbury pilgrims. Composed for "lewed men and wommen and hem that ben of symple understondynge," it aims to present the gospel narrative with realistic familiarity and homely amplification, so that these "symple soules" may grow virtuous by example and "be fedde with mylke of lyghte doctrine and not with sadde mete of grete clergie and of highe contemplacioun." To say nothing more of its religious interest, the poignant simplicity, and antique freshness of the style are delightful.

Volumes V. and VI. of "The Works of W. E. Henley" (London: David Nutt) contain his Views and Reviews—short, brilliant essays in journalism which, in our opinion, show his powers to better advantage than did the longer essays published in earlier volumes (see *Nation*, July 2, p. 9). The epigram, the sharp cut and thrust of his style, gain in effectiveness from restraint of space, and are less likely to run into tedium. Such a sentence as this on George Meredith: "He writes with the pen of a great artist in his left hand (n. b. *left*) and the razor of a spiritual suicide in his right," is capital as the keynote of a brief piece of journalism, whereas it would sound like falsetto in a formal essay. It is in virtue of this ever-ready pungency of epigram that we can reckon Henley, as he says of Berlioz, "one of the few—the very few—journalists the worth of whose achievement has been justified by collection and republication." And his wit generally has sound judgment at the core. Thackeray's philosophy he may just miss, but he is excellent on Dickens, George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Philip Sidney, Izaac Walton, Hood, Richardson, and a host of other writers, not to mention the artists who furnish material for the sixth volume. And if for nothing else, we could love him for his vigorous championship of the old "Arabian Nights" against the recent pedantic intruders into that field of magic. On this point we must quote Mr. Henley at some length:

> For me the real author of "The Arabian Nights" is called not Burton nor Payne, but Antoine Galland. He it was, in truth, who gave the world as much exactly as it needed of his preposterous original; who eliminated its tediousness, purged it of its barbarous and sickening immorality, wiped it clean of cruelty and unnaturalness, selected its essentials of comedy and romance, and set them clear and sharp against a light that Western eyes can bear and in an atmosphere that Western beings can breathe. Of course, the new translations are interesting—especially to ethnologists and the critic with a theory that translated verse is inevitably abominable. But they are not for the general nor the artist. They include too many pages revolting by reason of unutterable brutality of incident and point of view—as also for the vileness of those lewd and dreadful puritans whose excesses against humanity and whose devotion to Islam they record—to be acceptable as literature or tolerable as reading. Now, in Galland, I get the best of them.

The seventh, and concluding, volume contains the plays which he wrote in collaboration with R. L. Stevenson. These are "Deacon Brodie," a melodrama of excellent theatrical as well as literary quality, produced in this country with considerable success by the late E. J. Henley; "Beau Austin," which was played by Beerbohm Tree; the somewhat lurid "Admiral Guinea," also produced experimentally in London, and the fantastic "Robert Macaire."

In Miss Agnes Repplier's charming volume, "A Happy Half-Century" (Houghton, Mifflin Co.), literary history is refined and, one is tempted to say, elevated to the rank of gossip. Miss Repplier professes particular envy of the extinct celebrities, many of them "female" novelists and poets, who flourished in mediocrity's golden age from 1775 to 1825. In that fortunate epoch, she insists, mild sensibility, a good stock of commonplaces, and a fluent pen were enough to secure an authoress ardent admirers, not only in England and on the Continent, but even in the backwoods of America. To prove the point, she conducts the reader with smiling malice through the wan shadows of colossal reputations to the magic circle where Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Joanna Baillie, Miss Jane Porter, Mrs. Montagu, and Mrs. Felicia Hemans talked soft platitudes and adulated one another. At her entrance the dead ladies renew their conversation and resume their voluminous correspondence, while in a vein of gentle mockery the ironical visitor comments on their old-fashioned sentiment, middle-class pietism, the nurture of children, the education of young ladies, the polite accomplishment of making ornamental gim-cracks, the "accursed annual," and the autograph album. Miss Repplier feels the expressiveness of so-called insignificant things, and by an artful accumulation of trifles restores a vanished society; so that in the end one has been instructed in much half-forgotten lore, as well as refreshed by the instructor's twinkling wit and clear, quiet humor. In the Elysian Fields critics will not compare Miss Repplier's talent with the golden plenitude of Elia; but more than one will suspect her cousinship with the author of "Pride and Prejudice."

The life of "John Keats," by Albert Elmer Hancock, does not offer many points for discussion, or, unfortunately, much to praise. The style is of that spasmodic sort which allows the reader no rest, and the critical tone is of the ultra-romantic. One good point Professor Hancock makes in criticism, explaining the change in Keats's inspiration with "Hyperion" and the consequent change in public opinion regarding him. Before "Hyperion" he had been "great as an artist of beauty in repose." But "the Anglo-Saxon," says Professor Hancock, "is particularly receptive to the genius of energy; the poets who have been scant in energy have had to wait for recognition." Hence, in part at least, the slowness of the English in acknowledging Keats as a poet, until "with 'Hyperion' he lifted the beauty of repose into sublimity," and to that element of grace added the power of mass in action. The point is well made. We may add that the book is handsomely got up by Houghton Mifflin Co., and contains a number of excellent illustrations.

"The Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Gilbert Imlay" are well presented by the Lippincott Co. in a small volume to which Roger Ingpen provides a biographical preface. Imlay, it may be necessary to add, for the Letters are not much read to-day, was an American, with whom Miss Wollstonecraft, in 1793, formed a connection which she expected to endure through life. Their daughter was the Fanny to whom Shelley, who married her stepsister, wrote the stanza beginning:

> Her voice did quiver as we parted.

The connection with Imlay lasted for two years, and during that time were written the woman's letters, first of affection, then of doubt, and lastly of protest at his desertion. They were published after her death by William Godwin, whom she had married in 1797. Perhaps their chief interest is in the curious ethical problem of a person appealing to a moral code whose basis she has herself taken away. The character of the American is typical in no flattering way. He stands out as a man absorbed in money-making to the exclusion of all other aims and emotions.

Robert William Wood has followed up last year's ingenious booklet "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers," with a light-hearted treatise on the same lines, entitled "Animal Analogues," being No. 24 in the Denatured Series published by Paul Elder & Co. As in the earlier contribution to comparative biology, the humor is almost all in the parallelistic nomenclature, and in the pictures which, like attractive suburban homes at reasonable prices, must be seen to be appreciated. The puss and the octo-pus take on a really startling resemblance under the author's clever pencil. Happy also is the hitherto unsuspected similarity between the pipe-fish and the sea-gar, the doe and the dodo, the cross-bill and the sweet-william, the pitcher-plant and the fly-catcher, the P-cock and the Q-cumber, the pansy and the chimpansy.

In this year of the visit of the American fleet to help in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of Yokohama to foreign commerce, through the work of Townsend Harris, Henry Satoh issues, in a neat volume (Sinico-Japanese, pp. 85; and English text pp. 108. Tokyo: The Hakubunkan), his biography of "Lord Hotta, the Pioneer Diplomat of Japan." Count Hayashi, recently ambassador to England, whose father served as physician to Hotta when the latter was daimio of Sakura, furnishes an introduction. The thirteen chapters reveal the state of opinion born of ignorance, both in Yedo and Kioto, when Mr. Harris arrived from Shimoda to begin negotiations. It required prodigious courage in 1857 to urge the opening of the country to foreign trade and residence. To secure Imperial signature to the American treaty, Hotta went in person to Kioto, but the intrigues of the reactionaries at the palace made success impossible. The premier, Ii, was assassinated by an infuriated band of exclusionists, March 23, 1860. Hotta was dismissed from office and sentenced to life confinement in his own house, dying in 1864, at the early age of fifty-five. The little book gives a vivid picture of the difficulties in the path of the few far-sighted men of Japan, who, in the days of the rule of the sword, braved public opinion and lived for the good of the nation.

A history of the growth of a habit or state of mind—that, perhaps, best characterizes Prof. William I. Hull's extremely useful volume, "The Two Hague Conferences," which Ginn & Co. have published for the International Society of Peace. To most people, the two international con-

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gresses which met at The Hague in 1899 and in 1907 have been either farce or tragedy, according as individual temper has prepared us to look upon futility. But the thoughtful minority which knows how slow is the progress of political evolution, will recognize that, in spite of magnificent promises and meagre results, of loud diplomatic protestations and quiet diplomatic manipulation, these two "parliaments of man" have left a deposit of tangible gain. Is such gain to be computed in terms of human brotherhood and peace? That is what our author believes, although he shows how moderate is his expectation by making his sub-title: "Their Contributions to International Law." In the sense that the growth of law works for peace, the Hague Conferences have not failed of their chief object, even if on the main issues of disarmament and of obligatory international arbitration they have moved forward by painful inches. But, at the same time, Professor Hull insists that the work done in the two conferences has been greatly underestimated. When the first Hague Conference adopted its pious "wishes" on disarmament, and let it go at that: when the second Conference worked out the scheme for a permanent international court of justice, and left the scheme an empty husk by disagreeing over the fundamental question of how to appoint the members of the court, the jeers of the cynical were seemingly merited. But consider, says Professor Hull, how but a short time ago the nations would have received the very suggestion of disarmament, or of obligatory arbitration, as an insult, and it will be apparent that appreciable progress has been made. Concrete results may thus be enumerated, but, better still, a certain habit a state of mind, as we called it at the beginning, has been engendered—the habit of talking, and to a minor extent thinking, peace. The arrangement of Professor Hull's book renders it particularly convenient for ready reference. He has analyzed and compared the work of the two conferences by topics and sub-topics, so that we are enabled at a glance to see what advance on any special point—disarmament, arbitration, naval warfare, land warfare, etc.—the Conference of 1907 marked over its predecessor.

A Finding List of the fairy tales and folk stories in the children's rooms of the Boston Public Library has just been published. It consists of about two thousand main titles, as "Little Red Riding Hood," with a list of the books in which the story will be found. "In general, only the old and familiar fairy tales and traditional folk stories have been included, though exceptions have been made in the case of a few collections of modern stories."

Dr. Casper René Gregory, the American professor of theology in Leipzig, has published a brochure of sixty-six pages, with seven photographic reproductions, entitled "Das Freer-Logion" (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs), in which he discusses the four Greek manuscripts purchased by Charles L. Freer of Detroit, Mich., from a cloister at Akhim in Egypt. These manuscripts are described in the *Nation* of January 2, p. 8. One of them contains a saying attributed to Christ after the Resurrection. Jerome, in his "Dialogus cum Pelag.," ii., 15, had already reported that in some Greek manuscripts after Mark xvi., 14, words were found that may be translated as follows:

But these excused themselves and said: "This world of unrighteousness and unbelief is in the power of Satan, who works through the unclean spirits, so that we do not comprehend the true power of God; for this reason, reveal Thou Thy righteousness."

These words appear in the third Freer manuscript, together with the answer of the Lord, viz.:

The measure of the years of the rule of Satan are fulfilled; but other terrible things are at hand, and I will go into death for those who have sinned, so that they may return to the truth and sin no more, in order that they may inherit the spiritual and imperishable glory of the righteousness in Heaven.

Then follows Mark xvi., 15-16. The conclusion of Dr. Gregory is that this is not a genuine *logion* of Jesus, but a tradition of a Pauline character, dating from the beginning of the second century, and later added to the spurious conclusion of Mark xvi., 9-25.

Der Luther Kalender für das Jahr 1909 (Leipzig: H. Haessell), edited by Dr. Georg Buchwald, the leading Luther specialist of the times, is intended as a preparation for the fourth centennial of the Reformation in 1917. The special value of the volume lies in its new matter concerning Luther, *e. g.*, biographical data, his catechisms, his use of proverbs, and his out-of-door pleasures. The book contains rare Luther portraits, facsimiles, etc.

"Christentum und Wissenschaft: Sechs Vorträge," by Gerhard Hilbert (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs), is an attempt to make peace between Christianity and scientific thought, by showing that religion and science are entirely independent of each other, and rest on altogether different foundations, and accordingly can neither help nor harm one another.

"Monistische und christliche Weltanschauung," by Emil Weiser (Stuttgart: Steinkopf), is one of the able replies to Haeckel, and particularly to his monistic vademecum, "Welträtsel," which in Germany alone has reached a sale of more than 200,000 copies. Weiser does not undertake the impossible task of showing that the Scriptures are a last court of appeals in scientific matters.

Beginning with this month the Schriftenvertriebsanstalt of Berlin publishes a new literary monthly, *Eckhardt*, which is to treat of German literature, chiefly from the æsthetic side. Each issue is to contain sixty-four or more pages of text.

Eduard Fuchs has begun to issue in parts an "Illustrierte Sittengeschichte vom Mittelalter bis zur Gegenwart," the whole to be completed in three volumes, entitled, "Renaissance," "Die galante Zeit," and "Das bürgerliche Zeitalter" (Munich: Albert Langen). Each is to contain four hundred and fifty text illustrations and from fifty to sixty double-page illustrations, most of them in color.

In the series known as Angewandte Geographie: Hefte zur Verbreitung geographischer Kenntnisse in ihrer Beziehung zum Kultur- und Wirtschaftsleben, edited by H. Grote, Martin Hartmann has just issued a "Chinesisch-Turkistan: Geschichte, Verwaltung, Geistesleben, und Wirtschaft," with two charts (Halle: Gebauer-Schwetschke). The author, an Orientalist of standing, gives here the results of his own investigations in 1902. In addition, he has been able to make use of Russian sources, which are practically indispensable for the study of Central Asia.

"Issos," by Walter Dittberner, with the subtitle, "Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte Alexanders des Grossen" (Berlin: Nauck), discusses chiefly four topics: the ancient accounts of the battle of Issos, the numerical strength of the opposing armies, the genesis of the battle, the battlefield and the battle at the Pinaros. His conclusions are that Arrian's account is, with the exception of three additions, taken from Ptolemy; that Diodoros is correct in assigning 32,000 infantry and 5,100 cavalry to the Macedonians; that Arrian's report of immense numbers for the Persians deserves no credence; and that the battle of Issos was fought at the Pajas-Tsai and not at the Deli-Tsai.

Friedrich Warnecke, in his "Goethe, Spinoza, und Jacobi" (Weimar: Böhlaus Nachfolger), aims to show the origin of Goethe's judgments on Spinoza, and the connection of these views particularly with the third and fourth parts of "Dichtung und Wahrheit."

Raoul Hoffmann's "Kierkegaard et la certitude religieuse: Esquisse biographique et critique" (Geneva: Jeheber) is another evidence that this Danish philosopher and theologian, notwithstanding his mystical tendencies, is finally coming into his own. Kierkegaard is a fascinating writer, but Hoffmann preserves his independence and succeeds in judging him objectively. Religious certitude is the central problem of Kierkegaard's system.

That the Dante scholarship of to-day is not confining itself to the "Divine Comedy" is made particularly clear by the recent appearance of two admirable works on the "Vita Nuova"—Melodia's copious and well-informed commentary and Bardi's critical edition of the text. Of a different character, but attractive in outward form and not uninteresting in substance, is A. Cossio's "Sulla Vita Nuova di Dante" (Florence: Leo S. Olschki). The author, who was at one time a pupil of Kraus, has lived in England, and his volume seems to be the fruit of lectures delivered before the Dante Society of Manchester. After a convenient but not always reliable bibliography and a very inadequate study of the poets before Dante, Cossio briefly treats of the "sweet new style," and then proceeds to paraphrase the "Vita Nuova," with abundant quotations and a running fire of comment, after the usual "Lectura Dantis" method. He next applies the same process to those parts of the "Divine Comedy" in which Beatrice appears. A discussion of the different views concerning Beatrice and the "Vita Nuova" forms the concluding part of the volume. The pleasantly written and prettily illustrated book makes little claim to originality; in fact, the preface modestly declares that it is not intended for those already familiar with the great poet.

As we go to press news is received of the death at Cambridge of Charles Eliot Norton. His loss will be keenly felt in the academic world, for though of late years he had retired from active teaching, his

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presence was still felt as an influence for sound taste and human values in scholarship. He was a friend of the *Nation* from its beginning, and we shall in our next issue have more to say of his career.

Joseph Leycester Lyne, better known as Father Ignatius, died October 16, at Llanthony Abbey, Abergavenny, England. Born in 1837, he was educated with a view to entering the Church of England, and he was ordained in 1860. Ten years later he founded Llanthony Abbey. As a preacher he attracted vast crowds, but in the latter years of his life he refused to preach in the churches owing to the "rationalism" permitted by the bishops. He has published sermons and orations, volumes of tracts, and books entitled "Hymns with Music," "Brother Placidus," "Leonard Morris," "Tales of Llanthony," and "Tales of the Monastery."

Antoine Jules César Vencelas Ermanigilde Muzzarelli, a teacher of French, died by his own hand in this city October 15. Born in Angoulême in 1847, he studied at the University of Lyons and École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures, Paris. He entered the French army in the corps of engineers and served through the Franco-Prussian war. After various political fortunes both in France and South America, he came to the United States in 1877, where he had since been engaged in teaching. He wrote "Histoire de la guerre du Pacifique" (1880), "Étude sur la situation politique de l'Amérique du Sud" (1881), "La question du canal de Panama" (1881), "Les Antonymes de la langue française" (2 vols., 1888), "The Academic French Course" (2 vols., 1892), "A Brief French Course" (1901), and "La Pays de France" (1902). He edited "Le Barbier de Séville" and a number of other French classics.

Machado de Assis, president of the Brazilian Academy, has died at Rio de Janeiro at the age of seventy. He was the author of many books, including the popular romance, "Memorias posthumas de Brar Cubas," and the volume of verse, "Phalenas Americanas."

News comes of the death in his fifty-ninth year of Bomonji Byramji Patel, a Parsi writer of Bombay. His most important work is the "Parsi Prakesh," a history of the Parsi community from its immigration into India down to 1875. He also wrote a "Life of Firdusi" and a "History of Persia."

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

Germany in the Early Middle Ages, 476-1250. By William Stubbs; edited by Arthur Hassall. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

William Stubbs is still a name to conjure with in a certain field of historical study, and his seal as Bishop of Oxford makes a very pretty decoration on the cover of the handsomely bound and printed volume which Arthur Hassall has edited; but a great reputation and a high dignity in the church cannot quite justify the publication of so insignificant a contribution as this. The editor tells us that Professor Stubbs "some thirty-five years ago had in contemplation the publication of a volume somewhat on the lines of the present one." He bases his present venture on the lack of satisfactory histories of Germany, "as keenly felt now as it was when Bishop Stubbs was Regius professor of modern history at Oxford."

That no really great treatment of German history has yet appeared, even by a German, we should be inclined to admit; but in sketches of the type here attempted we are much better off than we were thirty-five years ago. Nor can we feel that this volume goes far toward supplying any lack that really exists. It appears to be simply a reprint of Dr. Stubbs's lectures, "covering" in two hundred and thirty pages the long period of German history from 476 to 1250. If Dr. Stubbs had confined himself to the development of the German Constitution, a subject for which his studies would seem especially to have qualified him, he might have given his students and now the public a valuable guide to an important phase of European history. The constitutional side of the matter, however, is not here especially emphasized, except now and then by way of comparison with England. We should like to believe with the editor that Dr. Stubbs was "as conversant with the history, political and constitutional, of Germany as he was with that of the British Isles"; but certainly there is little evidence of it in this volume. We have discovered no reference to any modern historian except Gibbon, Hallam, Milman, and Mosheim. Apparently, these are the authors whom the lecturer expected his students to read. The references to originals are very scanty indeed. In one place the author apologizes for going at some length into a certain matter on the ground that Milman had insufficiently treated it. He finds it worth while to give three pages to a very ill-tempered attack upon Hallam for what he thinks a display of "pure Whiggery" in estimating the reign of Henry III. We can quite understand that an author or an editor should wish to conceal the "mechanism of scholarship," but if we are to have references to scholarship at all, we may fairly ask that they be less than a half-century behind the present stage of historical learning.

Mr. Hassall praises Dr. Stubbs's skill and accuracy in sketching the character of each German monarch; but these sketches seem to us distinctly the weakest part of the whole book. They betray the hopeless tendency to explain history by the personal quality of rulers, which is the dominant note of the author's method throughout. If this be ever a helpful way of approach to an understanding of historical movements, it can nowhere be less helpful than in studying the history of Germany—a history in which the monarchy is never felt as the real unit of power, but rather as an invader of the local, provincial or, as Dr. Stubbs also calls them, national traditions which are the real political entities of the German people.

In preserving the lecture form under the thin disguise of chapters, the editor has left us in painful uncertainty as to the public for whom the volume is intended. The lectures continually assume an acquaintance with historical matter quite impossible to expect from the general reader. On the other hand, the student can find little here to illuminate or guide his more detailed reading. Bibliography is confined to a random list of a score or more of books without discrimination or proportion. The narrative is scrappy in the extreme, following no well-marked plan and no principle unless it be that of a persistent comparison with English men and events, not often enlightening and frequently of doubtful accuracy. The whole field of the history of culture is entirely left out.

The Elizabethan Religious Settlement: A Study of Contemporary Documents. By Henry Norbert Birt. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

The author of this welcome study of certain documents relating to the religious settlement under Queen Elizabeth belongs to that school of Roman Catholic historians of which Ludwig Pastor is the chief representative on the Continent and Abbot Gasquet the leading exponent in England. It is the pride and boast of this school that it relies solely upon documentary evidence, and that it uses this evidence without any prejudice whatever. It is frank to a degree in its criticism of what it thinks ought to be criticised in the characters and actions of its co-religionists. It makes its point by a display of learning which is expected to crush opposition by its mass and gravity. Above all, it keeps its temper, and holds thus the advantage that an even disposition always has in any discussion.

All these qualities are well displayed in Father Birt's volume. In a field where Froude has preceded him, he has indeed an easy task to dispose of that particular opponent, but he has not addressed himself specially to this task. He has rather tried to make his point by utilizing a series of contemporary utterances to prove his main thesis. This thesis is that the common opinion, expressed by such a Protestant authority as the late Bishop Creighton, that "the religious settlement was welcomed by the people and corresponded to their wishes," is only very partially true. Of course, he denies having had any thesis to prove when he began his work; but that is not important. The book is one long demonstration that the change in Church government under Elizabeth after the Marian restoration was bitterly resisted and was carried through only by violence and pressure of every

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kind in which the laity, as well as the clergy, were brought over against their will. Father Birt's method is to pile up illustration upon illustration, all, of course, in one direction, and then to point to the aggregate as proof of the proposition with which he started. It is a captivating method to all those who, like himself, are convinced beforehand; but the weak point in it is evident. It carefully leaves out all consideration of the other side in which an equally great mass of illustration could readily be presented. Very much of Father Birt's criticism of the process of "purification" is apt but superfluous. An Act of Uniformity is not a pretty thing to administer, no matter in whose hands it may be. It is not an edifying sight to-day to see a government struggling with the anachronism of an established church, and in the sixteenth century the spectacle was more repellant still. It is as easy to find scandals under Elizabeth as under Mary, and the pot gains no lustre from the blackness of the kettle.

In calling this a welcome volume we have not meant to imply that it settles the question as to whether the English people approved the Elizabethan settlement. The only answer to that is to be found in the long history of religious conflict in England from that day to this. A religious condition that has lasted over three hundred years, with a steady tendency to change in the direction precisely opposite to the Marian paradise which is Father Birt's ideal, must have its foundations deep and strong in the hearts of the people as a whole. We mean that every such contribution of material not generally presented or emphasized by conventional historians, even when it is thus marshalled so as to tell a purely partisan story, is welcome to every fair-minded student. Whoever desires henceforth to gain a complete picture of the struggle which marked the early days of the final establishment of a national church in England will be forced to set the evidence here accumulated over against that of the apologists of the prevailing system.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Moneychangers. By Upton Sinclair. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

This is a continuation of "The Metropolis," which may in turn be continued indefinitely, or at least as long as fit material, whether social, commercial, or political, continues to be raked to Mr. Sinclair's hand by our journalistic scavengers. In "The Metropolis," he showed (with the aid of photographs), how corrupt and extravagant the "smart set" are; now, he produces similar exhibits as to the rottenness of Wall Street. We all know what these exhibits are; only some hermit, some inconceivable recluse, who did not read the papers at all would find anything fresh in Mr. Sinclair's anecdotes; and the veil of fiction cast over the given data is so thin as to give little excuse for their rehearsal. To say the truth, Mr. Sinclair is neither a Dickens nor a Zola, but (as promised by the "Stirling" episode, which opened his career), a successful sensation-monger.

A Little Brother of the Rich. By Joseph Medill Patterson. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co.

This is much upon the order of Mr. Sinclair's "The Metropolis" of recent memory. It deals with the follies and indiscretions of the rich, and the sycophancy of their imitators. We believe it was Mr. Bunner who invented the phrase "little brother of the rich," to fit the social parasite. He had in mind that creature in its simplest form. Mr. Sinclair's Oliver Montague, the go-between who is in a position to install the rich in "good society" for a consideration, is a leech of a higher order. The Paul Potter of this narrative is yet another type. At the outset he is a "Hermes in Flannels" from the upper reaches of the Wabash—raw material brought to the front at Yale by athletic prowess, and even made fit for the society of certain wealthy youths from Gotham. At the end of his course (through which he has worked his way) he is offered a respectable position in his native town, but declines it, and incidentally gives up the girl to whom he is betrothed, to take a place in a New York broker's office which has been made for him by the influence of one of his rich classmates. He sells himself to Mammon, and, by virtue of his truckling not so much to persons as to the habits and aims of the millionaire cult, becomes a sad spectacle indeed—the toady of a false ideal. Time brings in its revenges: he lives to see his own poltroonery, but not to amend it. The story of him has that fatal element of weakness which marks so much of our fiction. Great cities, prosperous societies, are full of weak-kneed gentlemen of this type; but they are merely data to be cited. The newspaper, the preacher, the statistician, are able to handle them adequately; there is little in them for the artist. There is no tragedy, no débâcle, in the ebbing of a Paul Potter: he has, at most, the slight significance of a cipher.

The High Adventure. By Hugh De Sélincourt. New York: John Lane Co.

Profane souls, who require in a novel character, action, life, should not approach this book; it is for choice spirits. Vulgarians will find in it only an effeminate young man of literary tastes who after some hesitation and thin and watery debate marries a colorless girl to the increase of his happiness. From no point of view can much be said for it as a novel. In intention, it is a delicate and very serious study of an idealistic temperament perplexed by the facts of sex till, under the stress of an innocent love and marriage, the problem solves itself. In the execution of this admirable intention, the author seems to have been hampered by a shortage in ideas, lack of acquaintance with men, and immaturity of mind. If Shelley had read Ibsen, Pater, and Maeterlinck, he might possibly have written some such book at seventeen. The only figure of any coherence and interest is the hero, Bernard. On an occasion comparable only to that on which Daniel Deronda and Gwendolen dry each other's eyes with their respective pocket-handkerchiefs, he comes to understand for the first time the mysteries of life and death. One day, after his marriage, he sees a kitten killed by a dog, and the spectacle deeply troubles him. He finds it difficult that night to speak to his wife of the affair:

> He lay as a bruised child lies in his mother's arms. [His age was thirty.] And she held him closely to her, to shield him with her body from every ill. "Tell me," she said. Her voice was low, etc. Still he did not speak, etc. "There is death," he moaned. Her hand caressed his forehead. "Everywhere waiting . . . and without you emptiness . . . blackness . . . fear," etc.

In real life there are unquestionably such persons as Bernard; but in fiction, one feels safe in saying, a hero more free from the characteristics of the male sex had not hitherto appeared.

A Lord of Lands. By Ramsey Benson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A red-haired Irish switchman of a philosophic turn of mind, married to a thrifty German wife, falls upon an economic pamphlet which arouses him to the fact that as his family increases his income is slowly but surely falling below the line of subsistence. Pondering in depressed mood upon the approach of the wolf, he chances to see in a newspaper a proposition for the subsidizing of British immigrants on lands traversed by the Canadian Pacific. Out of this suggestion spring agitations, with the result that a little colony of sixteen families emigrate from the city and take up farming. The narrative is a sort of Farmers' Almanac, containing a double plea for farm-colonizing and for small farming on common sense ideas. There is no evasion of drawbacks, and there is suggestion of many modifications of hide-bound traditions in agriculture. Success for some; content even without riches; at the worst, poverty without misery, are the guerdons the author offers in his message, making of his book not alone a calendar, but a missionary effort.

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Decrying old usage as a hindrance, our farmer is nothing if not old-mannered as a writer. The Vicar of Wakefield could not have written in more placid disregard of the passing moment. Indeed, the first person and the ever-consulted prudent wife and educated daughter give a reminiscent touch of the Vicar, of whom the author's good sense and humor are not all unworthy. Many, too, are the practical hints administered with an Irish twinkle:

> Too many people, when they start out to make their poultry comfortable, consult their own feelings as to what constitutes comfort, overlooking the fact that a hen's point of view is not a man's.

Hilary on Her Own. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Doubtless, in the end, Hilary, who was a very real girl, became a genial home-maker and an amiable wife and mother; for even in her effervescent youth, her nature and tastes were essentially wholesome. But in the neighborhood of her twentieth year, caged in the domesticity of an old country house, with her piquantly prosaic family, she experienced a revolt, humorous, but violent, against the routine of her daily life. When she had reached the bursting point, she informed the household with shocking abruptness that she was going to London, as secretary to some doctor at that time not discovered. The rest of the narrative deals with her adventures in search of a position, her exuberant joys as a "typist," and her ultimate return with a doctor of her own. Hilary tells her own story with unflagging ebullience, much cleverness, and a quick eye for effective realistic detail. Young ladies in their storm and stress period should not, however, take her for a model; she is disrespectful to her mother, frivolous on religious questions, impertinent with strangers, and her cleverness is at times overdone. She may be criticised also for failing to show any signs of development through her variegated experiences. Yet, passing over her manners, which would have horrified Jane Austen, she is a genuine living being, worth knowing for her hearty picturesque talk and her power of humorous characterization.

The Alps in Nature and History. By W. A. B. Coolidge, New York; E. P. Dutton & Co., $2.50 net.

This admirably arranged volume stands quite apart from the many books on the same general subject. While based on the long experience of a distinguished Alpine climber, it is not, like Whymper's "Scrambles Among the Alps," a record of such personal experience, and it lacks therefore the dramatic qualities which belong to the detailed description of famous Alpine ascents. It is rather a vast encyclopaedia of Alpine knowledge, arranged in a systematic, available form, and especially full in respect to topographical detail. In a work covering the ground so completely one cannot but regret that the author has purposely avoided all discussion of origin, of geological formation, as well as all explanation of the natural phenomena of this stupendous region. This side of the subject he expressly states is left to the special treatise. The Alps are studied as they now exist and as related to man, his occupancy and conquest of them, with but the briefest mention of scientific investigations. A chapter on the mountain grazing grounds, the struggle for their possession and the complicated rights of ownership, is followed by one on the snow regions and two interesting accounts of Alpine flowers and animals contributed by George Yeld and Howard Knox, respectively. The following one hundred and fifty pages are devoted to the Alpine folk, their early occupancy of the valleys, their political allegiances, mother tongues, and religious proclivities, and to a very complete summary of the political history of the Alps from the Col de Tenda in the west to the Semmering Pass in the east. One of the most interesting portions is an enumeration of the great historical passes whose rôle in history as the channels of emigration and conquest is so important. The seven skeleton maps are most illuminating and give a far more exact idea of the influence of these passes upon travel and intercourse than that afforded by any general map.

The remaining half of the volume is concerned with the exploration and conquest of the High Alps from the point of view of the mountaineer who, aside from all practical ends, finds his reward for peril and fatigue in the satisfaction of obstacles overcome. In earlier times material reasons governed the Alpine dwellers in the exploration of their mountain home. In fact, the stimulus to peak climbing came from without, and with few exceptions the higher and more difficult summits were not conquered before the tide of travel set in. Mr. Coolidge assigns 1760 as "the true date of the origin of mountain climbing" and the period between 1840 and 1865 as that of the "almost complete conquest of the High Alps." Two lists, one of the principal peaks and passes arranged in the order of their altitude, the other of the principal peaks in the order of their conquest, afford interesting study and form one of the most valuable reference features of the work. It appears from these lists that a considerable number of the more celebrated peaks were ascended before 1840. The year 1865 saw the greatest number of virgin ascents, but the record was scarcely less brilliant down to the close of the century, when only some of the lower, but more difficult climbs of the Mount Blanc *aiguilles* and Dolomite needles remained. It is noticeable, however, that the Picco Luigi Amedeo, third in height of the Mont Blanc range (14,673) and thirteenth in the general list, was not conquered until 1901, and the Mont Brouillard of the same range (13,298), not till 1906.

In a chapter on modern mountaineering, the author handles with merited severity what he terms "the plague spot in Alpine matters"—guideless climbing by incompetent persons. Growing familiarity with the Alps, which by no means implies a knowledge of their perils, the increase of maps and other publications which tempt the inexperienced to a false self-reliance, and probably also the desire to cut down expenses, are responsible for a majority of the rapidly increasing number of Alpine accidents. The worst of it is that there seems to be no practical way of saving a fool from the results of his folly. The restrictions with which medical advisers and trainers surround other forms of exercise are ignored by the amateur climber. The reviewer, when making his first ascent in the Bernina group, remembers well his disappointment, after reaching the summit of Piz Zupo, on learning he was only 153 feet below the Bernina, the highest point of the range. To the question why the Bernina had not been chosen, the chief guide, to whom the choice had been left, replied with a quizzical smile: "Because I did not know to what kind of man I was to be tied." This very proper attitude on the part of one who knew how much more trying for a novice the Bernina was than the Zupo is one which the tribe of Tartarin cannot be made to appreciate.

Excellent photographs illustrate Mr. Coolidge's volume, and an admirable feature is the detailed description accompanying each illustration, by which the reader obtains an accurate idea of the relative position of the various objects represented. Finally, a list of the principal works relating to the Alps, a general map, and a full index complete a work which is a distinct contribution to Alpine literature, a résumé of remarkable interest, accuracy, and thoroughness.

The French Influence in English Literature. By Alfred Horatio Upham. New York: The Columbia University Press; the Macmillan Co., Agents.

This work undertakes the period from the accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration. Though the predominant foreign influence through these years is admittedly Italian, the mass of evidence showing contact of French literature and society with English is astonishingly large. The task of beating this

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material into tractable shape and presenting a coherent account of it demanded, in spite of the work of numerous pioneers, a literary historian of wide reading, vigorous organizing power, and a sound, very cautious judgment. On the whole, Dr. Upham has met these requirements remarkably well. He has diligently collected, assimilated, and recorded the results of his predecessors' labors; his text, notes, and appendices are packed with clues to his tributaries. It is a pity that the index is so incomplete. His style is, with few exceptions, alert and interested. The exposition, however, is obscured here and there by lack of transitions between paragraphs and a disposition to keep the secret till the end of the paragraph. Among the baffingly complex problems of literary relationships, he moves with great discretion; if he sometimes presses a bit of evidence overhard, he seldom rests his argument on a doubtful point. The divisions of the subject, suggested rather by the convenience than the logic of the investigator, are as follows: The Areopagus Group; the Elizabethan Sonnet; Du Bartas; Rabelais; Montaigne; Seventeenth Century Précieuses and Platonists; Romance, Drama and Heroic Poem; Minor Literary Forms. There are also a general introductory survey of the field and a brief summary of results obtained. In every chapter the main contention of the thesis is sustained and the quickening influence of French contact demonstrated beyond cavil.

The nature of the subject precludes forever a definitive treatment, yet it is, perhaps, worth while to point out a few places at which this work would be improved by condensation or amplification. In dealing with the supposed relationship of the "Areopagus" to the "Pléiade," Dr. Upham elaborates an argument of Prof. J. B. Fletcher's without making it convincing; a common inspiration in the works of Plato and Aristotle will still seem to many a sufficient explanation of the parallelism of the two groups, and the theory of conscious and detailed imitation superfluous. Rabelais, Dr. Upham feels, was an equal force with Aretino in the later work of Nash, whereas Nash acknowledges Aretino as his master and pays no tribute to Rabelais; in order to establish the contention there should be developed at this point a critical distinction between the French and Italian models. At present, the argument rests too much on circumstantial evidence and impressions of questionable accuracy. Again essays, according to our author, "were popular forms of literature in England for a number of years, largely on account of Montaigne's example, and his work furnished a model by which most of the writers worked"; but Nicolas Breton, one of the writers in question, saluted Bacon as the model and prolific father of essayists, and Dr. Upham fails to make out any profound indebtedness even of Bacon to Montaigne. In discussing the vogue of pastoral and heroic romance in the reign of Charles I., there is a similar shortcoming in the failure to distinguish between the impulse from France and the continuous English stream proceeding from the "Arcadia." The difficulty is confessed, but the arrangement of the material would mislead the unwary reader. Finally, the last two chapters are much congested, though the field is comparatively virgin and bristles with possibilities for the literary explorer.

Yet, in spite of all deductions, the book is thoroughly interesting, substantial; and of indispensable value to the student of comparative literature.

Science.

Birds of the Plains. By Douglas Dewar. New York: John Lane & Co. $4.

In this volume, Mr. Dewar has collected some forty short essays on various interesting birds of the plain region of India. The style is excellent and there is a pervading sense of humor which is all too rare a quality with writers on natural history. The author can select some bird of which most of us have never heard, and in a few paragraphs vividly portray its specific personality.

He records many new observations; for example, the tailor-bird's method of sewing. First a row of punctures is made down each side of a leaf and the two edges are drawn together and stitched with cobweb. Then the nest is built in the leaf and later the web is strengthened with strands of cotton:

> The cotton used is soft and frays easily, so that that part of it which is forced through a tiny aperture issues as a fluffy knob, which looks like a knot and is usually taken for such. As a matter of fact, the bird makes no knots; she merely forces a portion of the cotton strand through a puncture, and the silicon which enters into the composition of the leaf catches the soft, minute strands of the cotton and prevents them from slipping.

Another example of careful observation is the account of the clever ruse practised by the parasitic koel cuckoo, or brain-fever bird:

> Crows appear to dislike the cry of the koel quite as much as men do. But whereas man is usually content with swearing at the noisy cuckoo, crows attack it with beak and claw whenever an opportunity offers. This fact is turned to account by the koel. The cock alights in a tree near a crow's nest and begins to call. The owners of the nest, sooner or later, "go for" him. He then takes to his wings, continuing to call, so as to induce the crows to prolong the chase. As he is a more rapid flier than they, he does not run much risk. While the irate corvi are in pursuit, the hen koel, who has been lurking around, slips into the nest and there lays her egg. If she is given time she destroys one or more of those already in the nest. She does this, not because the crows would detect the presence of an additional egg, but in order that her young, when hatched, will not be starved owing to the large number of mouths to feed.

The author professes no profound knowledge of ornithology, but nevertheless he dabbles in such deep waters as "The Stability of Species," "Birds as Automata," and "Do Animals Think?" On these topics, he occasionally becomes rather confused. For example, on one page, in speaking of a flock of peafowl containing several albino cocks, he says:

> As a matter of fact the hens select the white cocks, not because they are white, but because of the strength of the sexual instincts of these latter. The white cocks continually show off before the hens.

On the following page he generalizes thus:

> Abnormal individuals are comparatively few in number, and they beget comparatively few of their kind, so have no chance of establishing themselves and crushing out the normal type.

We note that the author believes in sexual selection and also that he takes issue with the extreme position of John Burroughs in regard to the thinking ability of animals. But here, the comparison which Mr. Dewar draws between the idiotic impulse of a certain wealthy man to smash the china within his reach and the first nest-building instincts of a young bird, seems far-fetched and meaningless in the light of the usual theory of the genesis of instinct. The sixteen illustrations of individual birds are remarkably good examples of bird photography.

The eighth International Congress of Hydrology, Climatology, Geology, and Physical Therapeutics is to be held at Algiers on April 4-10, 1909.

The Seventh Congress for Applied Chemistry will meet in London May 27 to June 2, 1909.

Frederic Auten Combs Perrine, a well-known electrical expert, died at Plainfield October 20. He was born at Manalapan, N. J., in 1862, and was graduated from Princeton in 1883. He held important positions in a number of large corporations, including the John A. Roebling's Sons Co., the Germania Electric Co., the Standard Electric Co. of California, and the Stanley Electric Manufacturing Co. of Pittsfield. From 1893 to 1900 he was professor of electrical engineering in Leland Stanford; from 1894 to 1896 editor of the *Journal of Electricity*, San Francisco; and from 1896 to 1898, of *Electrical Engineering*, Chicago. He contributed to various journals and society transactions on topics connected with his specialty, and was author of "Conductors for Distribution" (1903).

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Drama.

Other Days: Being Chronicles and Memories of the Stage. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

William Dunlap's chronicles of the American stage cover the period between 1750 and 1810; the works of William B. Wood and F. C. Wemys carry the tale to 1850; while Ireland's records extend from 1750 to 1860. Mr. Winter says that one of the objects of his book is to bring these annals down to the present time. He has peculiar qualifications for the task—including a profound acquaintance with his subject, the zeal of a student with regard to matters of fact, high ideals of the functions and scope of the theatre, and rare powers of narration. His volume will be a welcome addition to every dramatic library. It is full of fresh and illuminative detail, of analytical character studies, of sound theatrical philosophy, of witty comment, eloquent appreciation, and wholesome scorn. In its historical aspect, it is orderly, discriminatory, and, within its range, comprehensive, omitting little that is essential, but avoiding the empty repetitions and trivialities which make most books about the stage so tedious. On the critical side, it exhibits the brilliant perceptive and descriptive abilities of the author, together with some of his defects. Few old playgoers will be prepared to give full assent to some of his most glowing appreciations, in which judgment is somewhat warped by heat of affection and poetic sensibility. Mr. Winter, in recognizing the talents of his friends, deals in no half-measures of praise, and it must not be forgotten that many of his subjects were, as he is careful to point out in his preface, his daily and intimate associates. In such cases he is likely to appear as eulogist rather than critic. But free from sentimental influence, his insight is as clear as his diction is trenchant and copious.

Of Edwin Forrest, one of the most overrated actors of the nineteenth century, he says that he "was an uncommonly massive and puissant animal, and all of his impersonations were more physical than intellectual, while no one of them possessed any spiritual element whatever." He adds:

> In the manifestation of terror he lolled out his tongue, contorted his visage, made his frame quiver, and used the trick sword with the rattling hilt. In scenes of fury he panted, snorted, and snarled like a wild beast.

Forrest had no spark of the divine fire that burned in Cooke, Kean, or the elder Booth. This last-named actor, Mr. Winter only saw in his decadence, as Pescara, but even then, he says, "his terrific aspect, his thrilling voice, and his magnificent action imparted a sense of overwhelming power and splendor." In discussing the attributes of these notable performers Mr. Winter enunciates a truth, almost disregarded in the modern theatre, that great actors do not trust to inspiration. They may become the objects of sudden illumination, but all their effects are, as a rule, the result of calculated design. An interesting confirmation of this dictum exists in E. T. Mason's pamphlet, "The Othello of Tommaso Salvini," in which almost every motion of the actor is set down in black and white. Without this antecedent study there can be no impersonation. Mr. Winter insists upon this point in speaking of the Rip van Winkle of Joseph Jefferson, one of the most natural embodiments of modern times. Nevertheless, it was, from first to last, a compound of most elaborate artifice. Of Jefferson himself, the man, Mr. Winter furnishes a delightful study, and few competent judges will dispute his estimate of him as the most accomplished comedian of his day, but that he was "essentially an impersonator" may well be questioned. He was a greater artist than actor. William J. Florence much excelled him in the power of assuming contrasted identities, as did Edwin Booth. Concerning the latter an interesting anecdote is given. He said, talking of his Richelieu, one of his most notable achievements: "I am conscious of an interior personality standing back of my own, watching and guiding me." "This," remarks Mr. Winter, "was his clear intellect." But the peculiar significance of the actor's expression lies in its suggestion of a constant mental effort to vitalize an imaginative ideal by the suppression of purely personal impulse. And herein consists the whole, but now generally forgotten, secret of acting.

It is unnecessary to do more than refer to Mr. Winter's estimates of either Edwin Booth or Henry Irving. To both men he was bound by ties of close affection, and in the enumeration of their artistic and personal virtues he employs his choicest literary skill. With much of what he says everybody will be in accord. Booth was the last of the great tragedians and for many years had no rival on the English-speaking stage. Salvini alone was his superior. Fine as he was in Shakespeare, he was perhaps greater still in such parts as Overreach, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Pescara. Before him Mr. Winter puts Henry Irving, whom he calls "the greatest actor of my time, because he evinced a deeper knowledge of human nature, a broader comprehension and firmer grasp of the ideal, . . . and an ampler facility of dramatic expression than any other actor whom I have seen." This is strongly and adroitly put, and there is much truth in it, but there are those who think that Irving's actual achievement as an actor often fell far short of his ideals. Many will hesitate long before they admit his greatness in "Macbeth" or "Lear." But he was a wonderful man, an extraordinary actor, and set an ineffaceable mark upon the stage.

One of the most admirable and characteristic essays in the book is that upon Dion Boucicault, in which the fullest justice is done both to the merits and demerits of that brilliant but unscrupulous adventurer. Especially effective is the exposition of his sources of dramatic inspiration. With regard to the old controversy concerning the authorship of "London Assurance" a letter from Ben Webster is quoted to prove that half the proceeds of the first production was paid to John Brougham. No less interesting, and far more edifying, are the intimate personal chapters on John McCullough and Lawrence Barrett, men widely different, indeed, in character, ability, and aspirations, but alike in their dauntless courage against adverse circumstance and their zeal in self-education. Barrett had not the histrionic genius of Booth, but infinitely surpassed him in artistic devotion. Mr. Winter throws much light upon the personalities of both men. He pays also a fine and just tribute to Charlotte Cushman, a rare combination of genius and common-sense. His account of her closing hours is very pathetic, and he deduces from her example a pregnant lesson on the social value of noble acting. "She did not," he writes, "fill their [the spectators'] minds with images of decadence and promptings to degeneracy, recklessness, and failure. She was a minister of the beautiful."

With the modern developments of the drama Mr. Winter has little sympathy, and he does not attempt to treat them. It is eminent actors, not plays, that he is discussing, and in these days eminent actors are rare. Contemporaneous dealers in the mystical, the abnormal, the problematical, and the unclean he dismisses with a few brief sentences, barbed with contempt. Modern stars he scarcely mentions. The present system of commercial production is to him an abomination.

In its original estate the "Samson" of the French dramatist Bernstein belongs t the same category as its predecessor, "The Thief." It is melodrama, pure and simple, of disagreeable character, but theatrically effective and animated by a definite satirical motive, apart from its main object of entertainment. But in no sense is it a work of much philosophic or social significance. Its leading theme is trite, and is not handled, except in its final outcome, with any notable freshness or originality. All its types are conventional, but in the study of the heroine there is the truth of human nature. Briefly, the story is this: A foolish old marquis and his worldly wife, supposed to be representatives of a decadent aristocracy, have practically sold their daughter—already committed to a lover in her own station—to a self-made man, a millionaire speculator, uncultivated

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[illegible]out honest in affection, and of [illegible] will. Miserable in her bondage, [illegible]oung wife turns to her old lover, and, during her husband's feigned absence (one of the oldest of theatrical tricks), is taken by him to a disgraceful resort, whence she escapes disgusted and disenchanted, to confront the man she has wronged. Having forced a confession from her, the husband resolves to punish the seducer by stripping him of his fortune. To this end the husband precipitates a financial panic, in which both men are involved in common ruin. In this scene he has invited his victim to luncheon, and keeps him an involuntary prisoner while the stocks fall. As the panic proceeds, the husband taunts the seducer with his dishonor and his helplessness, and half-strangles him when he tries to escape. Manifestly, this episode is wholly theatrical and incredible, but, properly acted, there can be no question of its exciting character. In the closing act there is a reconciliation between the now bankrupt speculator and his wife, the latter responding at last to a love whose depth she had not before suspected. The moving qualities of this story, when powerfully presented, may be easily imagined, but they were not conspicuous in the version produced in the Criterion Theatre, in this city, on Monday night. In the first place, the adapter, William Gillette, who also assumes the central character, supplies an inferior text; and, in the second, he is destitute of the emotional eloquence and dramatic power essential to such a part. His passion was noisy, but impotent, and at times bordered upon the ridiculous. Moreover, the supporting cast was far from brilliant. Thus the representation of the play was generally inadequate, and there was little to compensate for its disagreeable atmosphere.

The death was announced from Boston last week of Edwin Reed, a voluminous writer on the Shakespeare-Bacon question. He was born in Phillipsburg, Me., in 1835, studied abroad, engaged in shipbuilding and management, was superintendent of the schools of Bath and later Mayor of the city, and was also a member of the Maine Legislature. His first book was "A New View of the Temperance Question" (1889). His writings on Bacon and Shakespeare are: "Brief for Plaintiff, Bacon vs. Shakespeare" (1896), "Francis Bacon, Our Shakespeare" (1902), "Bacon and Shakespeare—Parallelisms" (1902), "Noteworthy Opinions Pro and Con, Bacon vs. Shakespeare" (1905), and "Coincidences, Bacon and Shakespeare" (1906).

The death of Mrs. George C. Howard, the original Topsy in the first dramatic adaptation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was announced last week from Boston, where she had lived in retirement since 1887. She played the character for nearly forty years, appearing in all parts of this country and in Europe. Few performers of her time were more widely known.

The death is announced from London of Robert Soutar at the age of eighty. In his day he was a good stock actor in various London companies, and was for many years stage-manager at the Gaiety. He also wrote a number of farces and pantomimes.

Music.

A MUSICAL MYSTERY.

In summing up the results of the spring and summer season of opera in London, the critics agreed that a great success had been won by Miss Destinn, the dramatic soprano of the Royal Opera in Berlin (who is to be heard at our Metropolitan the coming season), but that nevertheless the chief honors went to Mme. Melba and Mme. Tetrazzini. The latter represent the florid style of singing. The submarine cables almost melted from the glowing accounts of their triumphs. When Mme. Melba celebrated the twentieth anniversary of her début in London, society, headed by the King and Queen, filled the house; and when the prima donna came to the tremendous piece of virtuosity which brings the first act of "La Traviata" to a close, "the audience," according to one of the London journalists, "held its breath." The reporter adds:

> Her vocal gymnastics were simply amazing, and her own intense enjoyment of them was delightful. Up and down the scale she went, in trills and runs and roulades, and when she ended, like a fireworks display, with a brilliant shower of golden notes, the whole house rose and applauded with all its might.

When Mme. Tetrazzini made her first appearance in London, last autumn, she created a sensation such as few singers in our generation have achieved. This achievement she repeated in New York a few months later, and changed Oscar Hammerstein's mood from despair to delight. But for her timely arrival, New York would not be likely to have two opera houses the coming season. Her second engagement in London proved no less successful. Yet she is not one of the really great artists. It is only by her top notes in highly ornamental music that she actually shines, for she is mediocre or worse from every other point of view, including the histrionic. That a vocalist with such a limited equipment should have created so astonishing a sensation is certainly strange, if not mysterious; but this is not the mystery we have in mind at present. That is of much wider scope, the mystery of florid music in general. Why have the composers of all countries given up writing such music when the public at large evidently likes it better than anything else, demands it with applausive violence, and showers diamonds on the Pattis and Sembrichs, the Melbas and Tetrazzinis who provide it?

The Italians who founded opera, three centuries ago, had high ideals. They were so anxious that the hearers should understand the words to which the music had been wedded that they deliberately avoided not only ornament, but even melody (Caccini boasted of his "noble contempt" for it), using instead of it a dry, tuneless recitative. But the public soon tired of that sort of thing, and the shrewd composers, willing to please, began to supply not only tunes, but highly ornamented arias, which the singers still further embroidered in a most lavish style. This fashion continued throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; even great masters like Handel and Mozart were compelled to bow to the will of the public. Gluck raised a protest, but it had little effect except in Paris, where Rameau had prepared the ground for him. It was not till Beethoven, Weber, and Wagner came forward and stubbornly refused to cater to the demand for meaningless staccati, trills, rapid scales, cadenzas, explosive and long-drawn-out high tones, that the spell was broken.

And now happened a strange thing—a phenomenon belying the teachings of the economists regarding demand and supply. All the composers of all countries, the great as well as the small, followed in the footsteps of the men just named, defied the paying public, and contemptuously and persistently ignored its eager demand for ornamental music. In the German operas since Wagner, including those of Humperdinck and D'Albert, you will listen in vain for florid airs; you will not hear them in the popular operas of modern Frenchmen; Gounod employed them very sparingly, Bizet not at all; florid music is not to be found in the works of Charpentier, of Bruneau, of Saint-Saëns; while the latest of the Frenchmen, Debussy, eschews not only all ornaments, but has gone back to the recitative of the first opera composers. Stranger still, the Italians, who originated florid music and for centuries enraptured all the world with it, also have given it up completely. Verdi, in his early operas, still made some use of it, but when his genius matured and he came to write "Aïda," "Otello," and "Falstaff," he avoided it as scrupulously as Wagner or Debussy; and all the young Italians followed his example. In the operas of Mascagni and Leoncavallo, of Boito and Puccini, and their colleagues, the decorative style known as colorature is absolutely tabooed. Why?

When the late Joseph Joachim, the "violin king," was once asked why he had so little sympathy with the admirers of a certain prima donna who was famous for her *fioriture*, he gave this memorable answer:

> What would you have? Here have I been endeavoring all my life to imitate on the violin the exquisite tones of the human voice; this singer, on the contrary, only seeks to imitate my violin.

From this point of view one can see why the really great composers have turned their backs for all time on florid

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music, which reduces the voice to the level of instruments lacking the faculty of articulate speech. But why should not the minor composers try their luck with the meaningless trills and top tones and cadenzas on which the musically illiterate public dotes? Here are Mascagni and Leoncavallo, for instance. They have tried to write like Wagner, like the modern Frenchmen, like Verdi, but they have persistently avoided the florid style. Should they try it and succeed, as Goldmark appears to have done in his latest opera, "A Winter's Tale," it would be a satisfaction even to those who regard such ornaments as meretricious; for, since apparently we must have such music for the clamorous public, it would be a relief to have it at any rate in new operas. We might then bury the silly old "Sonnambula" and its companions for good and all. It is with a feeling of dismay that one looks forward to the coming season with Melba, Sembrich, and Tetrazzini all appearing week after week in the same half-dozen operas which alone have survived of the hundreds belonging to the florid school.

While the musical season in London has gradually expanded and now covers practically every month in the year, New York's season has shrunk at both ends. An attempt is being made this year to restore the month of October to its former estate; Sunday concerts began in the first week, and there have been song recitals by such favorites as Mme. Gadski and George Hamlin, while Hermann Klein's series of Sunday afternoon popular concerts at the New German Theatre has brought forward a number of artists, some known, others new. The first musical entertainment on a large scale occurred in Carnegie Hall on Monday evening, when Emil Sauer and the Philadelphia Orchestra coöperated. The German pianist began his second American tour by playing his own concerto in E minor. It had its first hearing here, and presumably its last; for while it is replete with dainty ornaments which suit the style of Mr. Sauer, it has not sufficient substance to tempt other pianists. The performance of Liszt's "Faust" symphony was extremely interesting. Philadelphians are to be congratulated on having an orchestra which, if somewhat less polished than two or three others in the country, is excellent, and has in Mr. Pohlig a conductor who enables it to get at the heart of good music as few orchestras do.

Philadelphia got ahead of New York in hearing "Little Nemo," the new musical comedy by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert; a run of several weeks there ensured a remarkably smooth performance at the New Amsterdam Theatre in this city on Tuesday night. While based more or less on a series of newspaper cartoons, it is in reality one of the most amusing of Mr. Smith's productions in the realm of librettos, and Mr. Herbert's music is such as only he could write—popular and of genuine musical value at the same time, like that of Johann Strauss. In the way of scenic effects and rapid changes, "Little Nemo" marks a climax of the stage painter's and machinist's art. One of Mr. Herbert's waltzes seems likely to become as popular as the "Merry Widow" waltz.

The letters of Johann Strauss, the writer of waltzes, are soon to be published in Berlin.

The Adele Margulies Trio will give its usual three concerts at Mendelssohn Hall in this city, on December 1, January 19, and February 23.

Art.

The Domestic Architecture of England During the Tudor Period. By Thomas Garner and Arthur Stratton. Part I. London: B. T. Batsford. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The many methods of presentation at the disposal of a writer on architecture have in the past few years been tried out in a process of selective survival. This work happily adopts a form which is perhaps the best—a large folio, with gelatine prints of actual photographs, taken from points chosen for the double purpose of giving the facts clearly and comprehensively, and yet preserving as far as possible the atmosphere and sentiment of the subject. These photographs are supplemented by good drawings of details—some in plates and some as illustrations in the text. The pictures make the book, however, and the descriptions are wisely limited and assigned a subordinate place. In short, this volume, in size and general plan, resembles the issues by the same publishers dealing with the "Renaissance" and "Later Renaissance" in England by Gotch and Brown and by Belcher and Macartney, respectively. The three works, taken together, constitute a complete and valuable record of the evolution of the modern English house.

The introduction, a well-written exposition of the character of the Tudor style of architecture, traces its rise in the growing desire for comfort and luxury among the prosperous English people. In the Tudor period that desire found its great opportunity in the cessation of internal wars and disorders, and the consequent disuse of fortified castles. The increasing wealth of producers and traders, especially of wool growers, who led the new industrial advance; the luxury of the ecclesiastical offices; and, at last, the further adaptation of these ecclesiastical properties by the drastic process of confiscation and redistribution, in which abbeys and priories often became private residences—all these influences caused that rapid development of the English rural home characterizing the Tudor period.

The completeness of that development is indicated by the present acceptability of most of the charming examples here collected. Except a few of the more massive and castle-like houses, nearly all of them are such as appeal to country life in the twentieth century, and many of them need nothing but a few sanitary appliances to make them ideal modern houses. They have, if we may so describe it, that refinement of simple poetry and that expression of feeling—of familiar affection and happiness—which is lacking in the stately renaissance dwellings of France, and even of later England, and still more in the modern chateau or villa. The artistic elements are allied with those of nature; the composition appears to have grown as a group of elms grows; and the details are as indigenous as the materials. The views of these buildings are lessons in that art of picturesque grouping which the architects of this country were the first to revive in the present period, and which they cannot afford to abandon just when their European coworkers are taking it up. Such a book as this ought, then, to help toward recovery from the attack of academic formality, which has lately spread from the fitting field of the world's fair into the inappropriate territory of the home farm.

To pass from the general to the particular—the Abbot's House, Muchelney Abbey, is almost perfect for modern use, although it is an elaborate Gothic building of the fifteenth century. South Wraxall (about 1430) and Great Chalfield Manor House of Henry VI.'s time, show how with but little modification such features as pointed arches and tracery may become perfectly domestic and homelike; and the more stately compositions, such as Forde Abbey (1525), display, on the other hand, a dignity which is almost palatial. We may admire also the adaptability of the details to different materials. This style, which revels in wrought and carved stone when that is to be had, becomes even more fascinating in its "half-timber" guise. Ockwell's Manor House, the Mote House, Ightham, and others need no change or apology; and in brick and terracotta East Barsham and the remnant of Great Snoring Rectory are equally successful.

It is not too much to say, then, that country-lovers and home-makers will value this folio quite as much as architects. It appeals to that increasing public appreciation of art which demands detailed information instead of the popularized and abridged smattering which used to suffice. Without being technical—almost without a word of art idiom—the work presents its subject simply, clearly, and effectively.

MacLehose & Co. will soon publish a folio volume on "The Glasgow School of Painters," with more than fifty reproductions, by J. Craig Annan, of representative pictures, and an essay by Prof. G. Baldwin Brown.

"The Furniture of our Forefathers," by Esther Singleton, is to be issued this month by Doubleday, Page & Co.

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The *International Studio* publishes a special extra number devoted to Augustus Saint-Gaudens, containing forty-five reproductions of his works, a chronology of his life and another of his production, and an agreeably written, if not very profound, "Appreciation," by C. Lewis Hind. There are, also, reproductions of Kenyon Cox's portrait of the sculptor in his fortieth year, and of a late photograph of him by DeWitt C. Ward. The subjects for illustration are well chosen, and the reproduction, with a few exceptions, is fairly successful. The chronological list of works is very full, and we have noted few errors in it. The worst of these is copied from the early editions of the Catalogue of the Memorial Exhibition, held at the Metropolitan Museum, in which, by an error of transcription, the relief portrait of Bastien-Lepage was dated 1889, instead of 1880. The error was corrected in later editions, but it was impossible to place the entry where it properly belonged in the series, and it was therefore natural that Mr. Hind should have been misled. This is the more unfortunate, as the relief in question is distinctly in the sculptor's earlier manner, and its misdating makes its style incomprehensible.

Vol. XXXV. of the *International Studio*, comprising the regular numbers from July to October inclusive, of 1908 is now complete. The magazine devotes more space than formerly to American art, and is consequently more interesting to American readers. Its choice of works for illustration is somewhat miscellaneous, but it gives a fair notion of current production in several countries. The text is less interesting than the plates. It is regrettable that the editor has not been able to enlist writers of more authority.

The A. Wessels Company publishes "Evolution in Italian Art," by the late Grant Allen, a book "practically complete at the time of the author's death, but . . . revised and brought up to date . . . by Mr. J. W. Cruikshank." Mr. Allen makes no pretence of connoisseurship, and no attempt at art criticism, his object being, rather, to consider the evolution of certain subjects and the progressive development of their treatment, from what may be called a biological standpoint. That the traditional subjects of Italian art had a kind of personality apart from that of the artists who treated them, and that the modifications of traditional treatment were often more a matter of school and of date than of voluntary choice on the part of the painter, will be no news to the well-equipped student; but it is interesting to have the point clearly brought out by dwelling upon it, as Mr. Allen has done, to the exclusion of other matters. The volume contains sixty-five reproductions of works of Italian art, from the mosaics of Ravenna, to the decorative canvases of Veronese.

The Chicago Art Institute's annual exhibition of oil paintings and sculpture by contemporary American artists was opened October 20. There were 340 exhibits—chiefly oil paintings and sculpture—by 219 artists.

Frederick Keppel & Co. of this city are exhibiting till November 2 engraved portraits by Robert Nanteuil (1630-1678).

An exhibition of One Hundred Beautiful Portraits of Women will be open in Paris next April.

Finance.

OUR WHEAT CROP AND PROSPERITY.

Early in the present year, the exceptionally brilliant prospects of the American wheat crop were regarded as favoring industrial recovery. Estimates indicated a yield of 737,090,000 bushels, which would have compared with only 634,000,000 in the relatively short-crop season 1907, and with 735,000,000 in the abundant year 1906. The crop promised, in fact, to exceed all precedents save that of 1901, whose 748,000,000 bushels had much to do with the maintenance of high prosperity at that time. Equally important was the fact that, as the season advanced, it became increasingly evident that Europe would take all the wheat which America could spare. In July, the Liverpool expert Beerbohm estimated that Europe's crop would run only 20,000,000 bushels over that of 1907, when the yield was so small that the reserves in granaries were heavily drawn down; and that India, one of the largest wheat producers and exporters of the world, would not provide within 104,000,000 bushels of last year. The harvests of Europe and India combined, in 1907, fell short 192,000,000 bushels. or nearly 10 per cent., of either 1906 or 1905, and the wheat in Europe's granaries, in the middle of 1908, was 30 per cent. below the level of the four preceding years. It was not difficult, then, to see how the almost unprecedented wheat harvest foreshadowed in the United States would affect our export trade, our railway traffic, and our financial welfare generally. Similar conditions in the international grain trade had pulled this country out of a slough of financial depression in 1879 and 1897.

As regards a "bumper yield" in the United States, these high hopes of early summer have not been realized. Owing to bad weather, our Agricultural Department's final estimate for October is only 659,000,000 bushels, which falls far short of the crops of 1906, 1905, 1902, 1901, 1898, and which runs only 25,000,000 bushels over 1907. But, by a curious coincidence, the earlier estimates of Europe's crops have been similarly curtailed: the Dornbusch calculation of September is 60,000,000 bushels below Beerbohm's of midsummer, and indicates a crop smaller even than the short yield of 1907.

From these facts there are two clear inferences. Europe will need an unexpectedly large amount of American wheat this winter, and America will have much less wheat to spare than we had supposed. The immediate result was a movement of grain during September, from our farms to inland markets, so extraordinarily large that the railway earnings of the month, even in the face of the industrial dulness and the small shipments of general merchandise, rose in many cases to the level of the month in 1907. Simultaneously, our wheat exports in September exceeded by nearly 50 per cent. those of the same month in 1907. On top of this came Europe's war scare, which led some persons to believe that our grain export trade must now break all records. It did not do so. The 4,400,000 bushels, shipped in the seven days ending with Friday of last week, compared with 5,600,000 in the war-scare week itself, and with 6,400,000 in the week preceding, when the September movement reached its climax. With two exceptions, last week was the only one since the new crop began to move out, in August, in which we exported less wheat than in 1907.

What did the decrease mean? It meant that Europe has not imported wheat as an immediate consequence of a "war scare." If Germany, for instance, had announced that it would resist by force of arms any effort of other Powers to restore the *status quo* in Southeastern Europe, we might have seen an outgo of wheat from here to Liverpool, up to the full capacity of departing ships; for if England is nervous about anything, it is about being caught in a war blockade with only a few weeks' provision in its granaries. But England did not really apprehend such a war.

The reason why wheat exports decreased so suddenly, and why arrivals of grain from farms at our own interior receiving markets simultaneously fell to barely two-thirds of what they were a fortnight before, was that the much-depleted storehouses of the world have been fairly well filled. At the opening of September, the "visible supply" in American granaries was less than in 1907 by 33,000,000 bushels, or 67 per cent., and Europe's stock in hand was barely two-thirds what it was a year before. This week, the "American visible" is practically the same as at this date last year. During the eight weeks' interval in 1907, the supply decreased 6,000,000 bushels; in the same weeks this present season, it increased 25,000,-

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000. The same thing has now happened to Europe's storehouses.

September's export of wheat was not a "record": September of both 1902 and 1901 surpassed it. Nor did the 6,473,000-bushel export of the last week of September break all precedent; there was a 9,000,000-bushel outgo in the second week of August, 1901, another of 8,800,000 in the ensuing week, and one of 7,400,000 in November, 1898. But it has few other parallels, and meantime the receipts of 12,000,000 bushels at the interior receiving points, three weeks ago, broke all those records in our history. The 9,800,000 bushels delivered in the last week of October, 1902, held the record to that date. But the pace of 1908 was too fast to be maintained; our farmers have shipped to market, since midsummer, 15,000,000 more bushels of wheat than they shipped in the same weeks from the crop of 1907, larger by 76,000,000 bushels. There is much less left upon the farms. The question now is, just how the decrease will affect our market for international exchange, and our railway earnings, which received such timely help from the wheat shipments of September. But of the influence of this heavy marketing at the present high prices, on the wealth and prosperity of the agricultural West, there can be no question whatever.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, Elkan Nathan. Auto De Fé and Jew. Henry Frowde.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. Marjorie Daw. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

Aleramo, Sibilia. A Woman at Bay. Putnam. $1.50.

Anet, Claude. Through Persia in a Motor-Car: By Russia and the Caucasus. Appleton.

Ball-Reynolds, Eustace. Mediterranean Winter Resorts. Brentano's.

Baum, L. Frank. Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. $1.25.

Beer, George Louis. The Origins of the British Colonial System. 1578-1660. Macmillan. $3 net.

Betts, Ethel Franklin. Familiar Nursery Jingles. Frederick A. Stokes.

Books and Reading. Compiled by Roscoe Crosby Gaige and Alfred Harcourt. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.

Bowne, Borden P. Philosophy of Christian Science. Eaton & Mains. 10 cts. net.

Brereton, Austin: Life of Henry Irving. 2 vols. Longmans, Green. $6.50 net.

Brown, Abbie Farwell. Fresh Pos. Rhymes to Read and Pieces to Speak. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Buttles, Janet R. The Queens of Egypt. Appleton.

Carpenter, Frank George. How the World is Clothed. American Book Co. 60 cents.

Conyers, Dorothea. Three Girls and a Hermit. Dutton. $1.50.

Craddock, Charles Egbert. The Fair Mississippian: A Novel. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

Crawford, Mary Caroline. St. Botolph's Town: An Account of Old Boston in Colonial Days. Boston: L. C. Page. $2.50.

Curtin, Jeremiah. The Mongols in Russia. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

Dellenbaugh, Frederick S. A Canyon Voyage: The Narrative of the Second Powell Expedition, 1871 and 1872. Putnam. $3.50 net.

Dumas, Alexandre. My Memoirs. Translated by E. M. Waller. Vol. V. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Ernle, George. Melusine. London: Duckworth.

Fay, C. R. Coöperation at Home and Abroad: A Description and Analysis. Macmillan. $3 net.

Fletcher, Ella Adelia. The Law of the Rhythmic Breath: Teaching the Generation, Conservation, and Control of Vital Force. R. F. Fenno. $1 net.

Flynt, Josiah. My Life. Outing Publishing Co. $2 net.

Folwell, William Watts. Minnesota: The North Star State. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

French, Allen. The Story of Grettir the Strong. Dutton.

Hale, Mrs. Annie Riley. Rooseveltian Fact and Fable. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Harraden, Beatrice. Interplay. Frederick A. Stokes.

Harvey, George. Women, Etc. Harper. $1. net.

Hesse-Wartegg, Ernst von. Amerika als neueste Weltmacht der Industrie. G. E. Stechert. $2.50.

Hill, William K. Edwin Trafford, Altruist: An Economic Romance. London: David Nutt.

Hind, A. M. A Short History of Engraving and Etching: For the Use of Collectors and Students. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

Howells, W. D. Christmas Every Day: A Story Told a Child. Harper. $1.75.

Jacobs, W. W. Salthaven. Scribner. $1.50.

Ladies' Pageant, The. Edited by E. V. Lucas. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Leighton, Gerald. The Greatest Life. London: Duckworth.

MacDonald, Robert. Mind, Religion, and Health: With an Appreciation of the Emmanuel Movement. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.30 net.

McInnes, Tom. A Romance of the Lost. Montreal: Desbarato & Co.

Major, Charles. Uncle Tom Andy Bill: A Story of Bears and Indian Treasure. Macmillan. $1.50.

Makower, Walter. The Radioactive Substances: Their Properties and Behaviour. Appleton.

Martin, Edward Sandford. In a New Century. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Matthews, Franklin. With the Battle Fleet. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

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Newell, Peter. The Hole Book. Harper. $1.25.

O'Connor, V. C. Scott. Mandalay: And Other Cities of the Past in Burma. Appleton.

Osler, William. An Alabama Student, and Other Biographical Essays. Oxford: Clarendon Press. $2.

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Paine, Albert Bigelow. The Tent Dwellers. Outing Publishing Co.

Phin, John. Evolution of the Atmosphere: As a Proof of Design and Purpose in the Creation. Industrial Publication Co. $1.25.

Prince, Morton. The Dissociation of a Personality: A Biographical Study in Abnormal Psychology. Longmans, Green. $2.80 net.

Rothschild, Alonzo. Lincoln, Master of Men: A Study in Character. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Scott, Walter. Rob Roy. Edited by Robert S. Rait. Henry Frowde. 50 cents.

Scott, Walter. Woodstock; or, The Cavalier. Edited by J. S. C. Bridge. Henry Frowde. 50 cents.

Select Epigrams of Martial. Spectaculorum Liber and Books I.-VI. Edited by R. T. Bridge and E. D. C. Lake. Henry Frowde. 90 cents.

Shelley, Henry C. Untrodden English Ways. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

Smith, Charlotte Curtis. Bob Knight's Diary with the Circus. Dutton. $1.50.

Spence, Lewis. The Popol Vuh: The Mythic and Heroic Sagas of the Kichés of Central America. London: David Nutt.

Starke. J. Anthony. National Evolution. Advance Publishing Co.

Stephens, Robert Neilson. Tales from Bohemia. Boston: L. C. Page. $1.50.

Stories of the English Artists from Vandyck to Turner, 1600-1851. Selected and arranged by Randall Davies and Cecil Hunt. Duffield. $3.

Stow, John. A Survey of London. Reprinted from the Text of 1603. With Introduction and Notes by Charles Lethbridge Kingsford. 2 vols. Frowde. $9.25.

Taylor, Albert D. Street Trees: Their Care and Preservation. Ithaca: Cornell University.

That Gay Prodigal: The Kiss in Romance and History. By the Author of Some Letters of Alfred Henry. Cleveland: Informant Publishing Co.

Travels of a Lady's Maid. By A. B. Boston: L. C. Page.

Tremayne, Eleanor E. The First Governess of the Netherlands: Margaret of Austria. Putnam. $3 net.

Tudor Facsimile Texts: Apius and Virginia; Ferrex and Porrex; Damon and Pithias; God's Promises. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.

Wallace, Lew. The Chariot-Race from Ben-Hur. Harper. $1.25.

Washburn, Mabel Thacher Rosemary. Ancestry of William Howard Taft. Frank Allaben Genealogical Co.

Watson, Thomas E. Waterloo. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.

Wharton, Edith. A Motor Flight through France. Scribner. $2 net.

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